

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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MY LORD THE ELEPHANT.

TOUCHING the truth of this tale there need be no doubt at all, for it was told to me by Mulvaney at the back of the elephant-lines, one warm evening when we were taking the dogs out for exercise. The twelve Government elephants rocked at their pickets outside the big mud-walled stables (one arch, as wide as a bridge-arch, to each restless beast), and the *mahouts* were preparing the evening meal. Now and again some impatient youngster would smell the cooking flour-cakes and squeal; and the naked little children of the elephant-lines would strut down the row shouting and commanding silence, or, reaching up, would slap at the eager trunks. Then the elephants feigned to be deeply interested in pouring dust upon their heads, but, so soon as the children passed, the rocking, fidgeting, and muttering broke out again.

The sunset was dying, and the elephants heaved and swayed dead black against the one sheet of rose-red low down in the dusty grey sky. It was at the beginning of the hot weather, just after the troops had changed into their white clothes, so Mulvaney and Ortheris looked like ghosts walking through the dusk. Learoyd had gone off to another barrack to buy sulphur ointment for his last dog under suspicion of mange, and with delicacy had put his kennel into quarantine at the back of the furnace where they cremate the anthrax cases.

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"*You* wouldn't like mange, little woman?" said Ortheris turning my terrier over on her fat white back with his foot. "*You're* no end bloomin' partic'lar, you are. 'Oo wouldn't take no notice o' me t'other day 'cause she was goin' 'ome all alone in 'er dorg-cart, eh? Settin' on the box-seat like a bloomin' little tart, you was, Vixy. Now you run along an' make them 'uttees 'oller. Sick 'em, Vixy, loo!"

Elephants loathe little dogs. Vixen barked herself down the pickets, and in a minute all the elephants were kicking and squealing and clucking together.

"Oh, you soldier-men," said a mahout angrily, "call off your she-dog. She is frightening our elephant-folk."

"Rummy beggars!" said Ortheris meditatively. "Call 'em people, same as if they was. An' they are too. Not so bloomin' rummy when you come to think of it, neither."

Vixen returned yapping to show that she could do it again if she liked, and established herself between Ortheris's knees, smiling a large smile at his lawful dogs who dared not fly at her.

"See the battery this mornin'?" said Ortheris. He meant the newly-arrived elephant-battery; otherwise he would have said simply "guns." Three elephants harnessed tandem go to each gun, and those who have not

seen the big forty-pounders of position trundling along in the wake of their gigantic team have yet something to behold. The lead-elephant had behaved very badly that morning; had been cut loose, sent back to the lines in disgrace, and was at that hour squealing and lashing out with his trunk at the end of the line; a picture of blind, bound, bad temper. His mahout, standing clear of the flail-like blows, was trying to soothe him.

"That's the beggar that cut up on p'rade. 'E's must," said Ortheris pointing. "There'll be murder in the lines soon, and then, per'aps, 'e'll get loose an' we'll 'ave to be turned out to shoot 'im, same as when one o' they native king's elephants musted last June. 'Ope 'e will."

"Must be sugared," said Mulvaney contemptuously from his resting-place on a pile of dried bedding. "He's no more than in a powerful bad temper wid bein' put upon. I'd lay my kit he's new to the gun-team, an' by natur' he hates haulin'. Ask the mahout, sorr."

I hailed the old white-bearded mahout who was lavishing pet words on his sulky red-eyed charge.

"He is not musth," the man replied indignantly; "only his honour has been touched. Is an elephant an ox or a mule that he should tug at a trace? His strength is in his head—Peace, peace, my Lord! It was not *my* fault that they yoked thee this morning!—Only a low-caste elephant will pull a gun, and *he* is a Kumeria of the Doon. It cost a year and the life of a man to break him to burden. They of the Artillery put him in the gun-team because one of their base-born brutes had gone lame. No wonder that he was, and is wrath."

"Rummy! Most unusual rum," said Ortheris. "Gawd, 'e is in a temper, though! S'pose 'e got loose!"

Mulvaney began to speak but checked himself, and I asked the mahout what would happen if the heel-chains broke.

"God knows, who made elephants," he said simply. "In his now state peradventure he might kill you three, or run at large till his rage abated. He would not kill me, except he were musth. *Then* would he kill me before any one in the world, because he loves me. Such is the custom of the elephant-folk; and the custom of us mahout-people matches it for foolishness. We trust each our own elephant, till our own elephant kills us. Other castes trust women, but we the elephant-folk. I have seen men deal with enraged elephants and live; but never was man yet born of woman that met my lord the elephant in his musth and lived to tell of the taming. They are enough bold who meet him angry."

I translated. Then said Terence: "Ask the heathen if he iver saw a man tame an elephant,—anyways a white man."

"Once," said the mahout, "I saw a man astride of such a beast in the town of Cawnpore; a bare-headed man, a white man, beating it upon the head with a gun. It was said he was possessed of devils or drunk."

"Is ut like, think you, he'd be doin' it sober?" said Mulvaney after interpretation, and the chained elephant roared.

"There's only one man top of earth that would be the partic'lar kind o' sorter bloomin' fool to do it!" said Ortheris. "When was that, Mulvaney?"

"As the naygur sez, in Cawnpore; an' I was that fool—in the days av my youth. But it came about as naturil as wan thing leads to another,—me an' the elephant, and the elephant and me; an' the fight betune us was the most naturil av all."

"That's just wot it would ha' been," said Ortheris. "Only you must ha' been more than usual full. You done one queer trick with an elephant that I know of, why didn't you never tell us the other one?"

"Bekase, onless you had heard the naygur here say what he has said spontaneous, you'd ha' called me for a liar, Stanley, my son, an' it would ha' bin

my duty an' my delight to give you the father an' mother av a beltin'! There's only wan fault about you, little man, an' that's thinkin' you know all there is in the world, an' a little more. 'Tis a fault that has made away wid a few orf'cers I've served undher, not to spake av ivry man but two that I iver thried to make into a privit."

"Ho!" said Ortheris with ruffled plumes, "an' 'oo was your two bloom-in' little Sir Garnets, eh?"

"Wan was meself," said Mulvaney with a grin that darkness could not hide; "an'—seem' that he's not here there's no harm speakin' av him—t'other was Jock."

"Jock's no more than a 'ayrick in troues. 'E be'aves like one; an' 'e can't 'it one at a 'undred; 'e was born on one, an' s'welp me 'e'll die under one for not bein' able to say wot 'e wants in a Christian lingo," said Ortheris, jumping up from the piled fodder only to be swept off his legs into a heap. Vixen leaped upon his stomach, and the other dogs followed and sat down there.

"I know what Jock is like," I said. "I want to hear about the elephant, though."

"It's another o' Mulvaney's bloom-in' panoramas," said Ortheris, gasping under the dogs. "Im an' Jock for the 'ole bloomin' British Army! You'll be sayin' you won Waterloo next,—you an' Jock. Garn!"

Neither of us thought it worth while to notice Ortheris. The big gun-elephant threshed and muttered in his chains, giving tongue now and again in crashing trumpet-peals, and to this accompaniment Terence went on: "In the beginnin'," said he, "me bein' what I was, there was a mis-understandin' wid my sergeant that was then. He put his spite on me for various reasons,"—

The deep-set eyes twinkled above the glow of the pipe-bowl, and Ortheris grunted, "Another petticoat!"

"—For various an' promiscuous reasons; an' the upshot av it was that he come into barricks

wan afternoon whin' I was settlin' my cowlick before goin' walkin', called me a big babcon (which I was not), an' a demoralisin' beggar (which I was), an' bid me go on fatigue thin an' there, helpin' shift E. P. tents, fourteen av thim from the rest-camps. At that, me bein' set on my walk—"

"Ah!" from under the dogs, "'e's a Mormon, Vic. Don't you 'ave nothin' to do with 'im, little dog."

"—Set on my walk, I tould him a few things that came up in my mind, an' wan thing led on to another, an' betune talkin' I made time for to hit the nose av him so that he'd be no Venus to any woman for a week to come. 'Twas a fine big nose, and well it paid for a little groomin'. After that I was so well pleased wid my handieraftfulness that I niver raised fist on the guard that came to take me to Clink. A child might ha' led me along, for I knew old Kearney's nose was ruined. That summer the Ould Rig'ment did not use their own Clink, bekase the cholera was hangin' about there like mildew on wet boots, an' 'twas murder to confine in ut. We borrowed the Clink that belonged to the Holy Christians (the reg'ment that has never seen service yet), and that laya matter av a mile away, acrost two p'rade-grounds an' the main road, an' all the ladies av Cawnpore goin' out for their afternoon dhrove. So I moved in the best av society, my shadow dancin' along forninst me, an' the gyard as solemn as putty, the bracelets on my wrists, an' my heart full contint wid the notion av Kearney's pro—pro—probosuculum in a shling.

"In the middle av ut all I perceived a gunner-orf'cer in full reg'mentals perusin' down the road, hell-for-leather, wid his mouth open. He fetched wan woild despairin' look on the dog-kyarts an' the polite society av Cawnpore, an' thin he dived like a rabbit into a dhraiv by the side av the road.

"'Bhoys,' sez I, 'that orf'cer's dhrunk. Let's take him to Clink too.'

"The corp'r'il of the gyard made a

jump for me, unlockel my stringers, an' he sez: 'If it comes to runnin', run for your life. If it doesn't, I'll trust your honour. Anyways,' sez he, 'come to Clink when you can.'

"Then I behild him runnin' wan way, stuffin' the bracelets in his pocket, they bein' Gov'ment property, and the gyard runnin' another, an' all the dogkyarts runnin' all ways to wanst, an' me alone lookin' down the red bag av a mouth av an elephant forty-two feet high at the shoulder, tin feet wide, wid tusks as long as the Ochterlony Monumint. That was my first reconnaissance. Maybe he was not quite so contagious, nor quite so tall, but I didn't stop to throw out pickets. Mother av Hiven, how I ran down the road! The baste began to investigate the dhRAIN wid the gunner-orf'cer in ut; an' that was the makin' av me. I tripped over wan of the rifles that my gyard had discarded (onsoldierly blackguards they was!), an' whin I got up I was facin' t'other way about an' the elephant was huntin' for the gunner-orf'cer. I can see his big fat back yet. Except that he didn't dig, he carried on for all the world like little Vixen here at a rat-hole. He put his head down (by my sowl he nearly stood on ut!) to shquint down the dhRAIN; thin he'd grunt, and run round to the other ind in case the orf'cer was gone out by the backdoor; an' he'd shuff his trunk down the flue an' get ut filled wid mud, an' blow ut out, an' grunt, an' swear! My troth, he swore all hiven down upon that orf'cer; an' what a commissariat elephant had to do wid a gunner-orf'cer passed me. Me havin' nowhere to go except to Clink, I stud in the road wid the rifle, a Snider an' no ammun'ition, philosophisin' upon the rear end av the animal. All round me, miles and miles, there was howlin' desolation, for ivry human sowl wid two legs, or four for the matther av that, was ambuscadin', an' this ould rapparee stud on his head tuggin' an' gruntin' above the dhRAIN, his tail stickin' up to the sky, an' he thryin'

to thrumpet through three feet av road-sweepin's up his thrunk. Begad, 'twas wicked to behold!

"Subsequent he caught sight av me standin' alone in the wide, wide world lanin' on the rifle. That dishcomposed him, bekase he thought I was the gunner-orf'cer got out unbeknowst. He looked betune his feet at the dhRAIN, an' he looked at me, an' I sez to myself: 'Terence, my son, you've been watchin' this Noah's ark too long. Run for your life!' Dear knows I wanted to tell him I was only a poor privit on my way to Clink, an' no orf'cer at all, at all; but he put his ears forward av his thick head, an' I rethreated down the road grippin' the rifle, my back as cowl'd as a tombstone, an' the slack av my trousers, where I made sure he'd take hould, crawlin' wid,—wid invidious apprehension.

"I might ha' run till I dhropped, bekase I was betune the two straight lines av the road, an' a man, or a thousand men for the matther av that, are the like av sheep in keepin' betune right an' left marks."

"Same as canaries," said Ortheris from the darkness. "Draw a line on a bloomin' little board, put their bloomin' little beaks there, stay so for hever an' hever, amen. 'Seed a 'ole reg'ment, I 'ave, walk crabways along the edge of a two foot water-cut stid av thinkin' to cross it. Men is sheep—bloomin' sheep. Go on."

"But I saw his shadow wid the tail av my eye," continued the man of experiences, "an' 'Wheel,' I sez, 'Terence, wheel!' an' I wheeled. 'Tis truth that I eud hear the spark's flyin' from my heels; an' I shpun into the nearest compound, fetched wan jump from the gate to the verandah av the house, an' fell over a tribe of naygurs wid a half-caste boy at a desk, all manufacturin' harness. 'Twas Antonio's Carriage Emporium at Cawn-pore. You know ut, sorr!

"Ould Grambags must ha' wheeled abreast wid me, for his trunk came lickin' into the verandah like a belt in a barrick-room row, before I was in

the shop. The naygurs an' the half-caste boy howled an' wint out at the backdoor, an' I stud lone as Lot's wife among the harness. A powerful thirsty thing is harness, by reason av the smell to ut.

"I wint into the backroom, nobody bein' there to invite, an' I found a bottle av whisky and a goglet av wather. The first an' the second dhrink I never noticed bein' dhry, but the fourth an' the fifth tuk good hould av me an' I begun to think scornful av elephints. 'Take the upper ground in mane'vrin', Terence,' I sez; 'an' you'll be a gen'ral yet,' sez I. An' wid that I wint up to the flat mud roof av the house an' looked over the edge av the parapet, threadin' delicate. Ould Barrel-belly was in the compound, walkin' to an' fro, pluckin' a piece av grass here an' a weed there, for all the world like our colonel that is now whin his wife's given him a talkin' down an' he's prom'nadin' to ease his timper. His back was to me, an' by the same token I hiccupped. He checked in his walk, wan ear forward like a deaf oold lady wid an ear-thrumpet, an' his thrunk hild out in a kind av fore-reaching hook. Thin he wagged his ear sayin', 'Do my sinses deceive me?' as plain as print, an' he recomminst promenadin'. You know Antonio's compound? 'Twas as full thin as 'tis now av new kyarts and oold kyarts, an' second-hand kyarts an' kyarts for hire,—landos, an' b'rooshes, an' brooms, an' wag'nettes av ivry description. Thin I hiccupped again, an' he began to study the ground beneath him, his tail whistlin' wid emotion. Thin he lapped his thrunk round the shaft av a wag'nette an' dhrew it out circumspectuous an' thoughtful. 'He's not there,' he sez, fumblin' in the cushions wid his thrunk. Thin I hiccupped again, an' wid that he lost his patience good an' all, same as this wan in the lines here."

The gun-elephant was breaking into peal after peal of indignant trumpetings, to the disgust of the other animals who had finished their food

and wished to drowse. Between the outeries we could hear him picking restlessly at his ankle ring.

"As I was sayin'," Mulvaney went on, "he behaved dishgraceful. He let out wid his fore-fut like a steam-hammer, bein' convinced that I was in ambuscade adjacent; an' that wag'nette ran back among the other carriages like a field-gun in charge. Thin he hauled ut out again an' shuk ut, an' by nature it came all to little pieces. Afther that he went sheer damn, slam, dancin', lunatic, double-shuffle demented wid the whole av Antonio's shtock for the season. He kicked, an' he straddled, and he stamped, an' he pounded all at wanst, his big bald head bobbin' up an' down solemn as a rigadoon. He tuk a new shiny broom an' kicked ut on wan corner, an' ut opened out like a blossomin' lily; an' he shtuek wan fool-foot through the flure av ut an' a wheel was shpinnin' on his tusk. At that he got scared, an' by this an' that he fair sat down plump among the carriages, an' they pricked 'im wid splinters till he was a boundin pin-cushin. In the middle av the mess, whin the kyarts was climbin' wan on top av the other, an' rickochettin' off the mud walls, an' showin' their agility wid him tearin' their wheels off, I heard the sound av distressed wailin' on the housetops, an' the whole Antonio firm an' fam'ly was cursin' me an' him from the roof next door; me bekase I'd taken refuge wid them, and he bekase he was playin' shtep-dances wid the carriages av the aristocracy."

"'Divart his attention,' sez Antonio, dancin' on the roof in his big white waistcoat. 'Divart his attention,' he sez, 'or I'll prosecute you.' An' the whole fam'ly shouts, 'Hit him a kick, mister soldier.'"

"'He's divartin' himself,' I sez, for it was just the worth av a man's life to go down into the compound. But by way av makin' show I threw the whisky-bottle ('twas not full whin I came there) at him. He shpun

round from what was left av the last kyart, an' shtuck his head into the verandah not three feet below me. Maybe 'twas the temptin'ness av his back or the whisky. Anyways, the next thing I knew was me, wid my hands full av mud an' mortar, all fours on his back, an' the Snider just slidin' off the slope av his head. I grabbed that an' scuffled on his neck, dhruv my knees undher his big flappin' ears, an' we wint to glory out av that compound wid a shqueal that crawled up my back an' down my belly. Thin I remimbered the Snider, an' I grup ut by the muzzle an' hit him on the head. 'Twas most forlorn like, like tappin' the deck av a throopship wid a cane to stop the engines whin you're seasick. But I parsevered till I sweated, an' at last from takin' no notice at all he began to grunt. I hit wid the full strength that was in me in those days, an' it might ha' discommoded him. We came back to the p'rade ground forty miles an hour, trumpetin' vainglorious. I never stopped hammerin' him for a minut; 'twas by way av divartin' him from runnin' undher the trees an' scrapin' me off like a poultice. The p'rade-groun' an' the road was all empty, but the throops was on the roofs av the barricks, an' betune Ould Thrajectory's gruntin' an' mine (for I was winded wid my stone-breakin'), I heard them clappin' an' cheerin'. He was growing more confused an' tuk to runnin' in circles.

"'Begad,' sez I to mysilf, 'there's dacency in all things, Terence. 'Tis like you've shplit his head, and whin you come out av Clink you'll be put under stoppages for killin' a Gov'ment elephant.' At that I caressed him."

"'Ow the devil did you do that? Might as well pat a barrick," said Ortheris.

"Thried all manner av endearin' epitaphs, but bein' more than a little shuk up I disremimbered what the divil would answer to. So, 'Good dog,' I sez; 'Pretty puss,' sez I; 'Whoa, mare,' I sez; an' at that I fetched him a shtroke av the butt for

to conciliate him, and he stud still among the barricks.

"'Will no one take me off the top av this murderin' volcano?' I sez at the top av my shout, an' I heard a man yellin', 'Hould on, faith an' patience, the other elephints are comin'.' 'Mother av Glory,' I sez, 'will I rough-ride the whole stud? Come an' take me down, ye cowards!'

"Thin a brace av fat she-elephints wid mahouts an' a commissariat sergint came shuffling round the corner av the barricks; an' the mahouts was abusin' ould Potiphar's mother an' blood-kin.

"'Obsarve my reinforcements,' I sez. 'The're goin' to take you to Clink, my son;' an' the child av calamity put his ears forward an' swung head on to those females. The pluck av him, afther my oratorio on his brain-pain, wint to the heart av me. 'I'm in dishgrace mesilf,' I sez, 'but I'll do what I can for ye. Will ye go to Clink like a man, or fight like a fool whin there's no chanst?' Wid that I fetched him wan last lick on the head, an' he fetched a tremenjus groan an' dhropped his thrunk. 'Think,' sez I to him, an' 'Halt!' I sez to the mahouts. They was anxious so to do. I could feel the ould reprobite meditating under me. At last he put his trunk straight out an' gave a most melancholious toot (the like av a sigh wid an elephant); an' by that I knew the white flag was up an' the rest was no more than considherin' his feelin's.

"'He's done,' I sez. 'Kape open ordher left an' right alongside. We'll go to Clink quiet.'

"Sez the commissariat sergeant to me from his elephant, 'Are you a man or a mericle?' sez he.

"'I'm betwixt an' betune,' I sez, thryin' to set up stiff-back. 'An' what,' sez I, 'may ha' set this animal off in this opprobrious shtyle?' I sez, the gun-butt light an' easy on my hip an' my left hand dhropped, such as throopers behave. We was bowlin' on to the elephant-lines under escort all this time.

"'I was not in the lines whin the throuble began,' sez the sergeant. 'They tuk him off carryin' tents an' such like, an' put him to the gun-team. I knew he would not like ut, but by token it fair tore his heart out.'

"'Faith, wan man's meat is an-other's poison,' I sez. 'Twas bein' put on to carry tents that was the ruin av me.' An' my heart warrumed to Ould Double Ends bekase he had been put upon.

"'We'll close on him here,' sez the sergeant, whin we got to the elephant-lines. All the mahouts an' their childher was round the pickets cursin' my poney from a mile to hear. 'You skip off on to my elephant's back,' he sez. 'There'll be throuble.'

"'Sind that howlin' crowd away,' I sez, 'or he'll thrample the life out av thim.' I cud feel his ears beginnin' to twitch. 'An' do you an' your immoral she-elephints go well clear away. I will get down here. He's an Irishman,' I sez, 'for all his long Jew's nose, an' he shall be threatred like an Irishman.'

"'Are ye tired av life?' sez the sergeant.

"'Divil a bit,' I sez; 'but wan av us has to win, an' I'm av opinion 'tis me. Get back,' I sez.

"The two elephints wint off an' Smith O'Brien came to a halt dead above his own pickets. 'Down,' sez I, whackin' him on the head, an' down he wint, shouldher over shouldher like a hill-side slippin' afther rain. 'Now,' sez I, slidin' down his nose an' runnin' to the front av him, 'you will see the man that's better than you.'

"His big head was down betune his big forefeet, an' they was twisted in sideways like a kitten's. He looked the picture av innocence an' forlorn-someness, an' by this an' that his big hairy underlip was thremblin', an' he winked his eyes together to kape from cryin'. 'For the love av God,' I sez, clean forgettin' he was a dumb baste; 'don't take ut to heart so. Aisy, be aisy,' I sez; an' wid that I rubbed his cheek an' betune his eyes an' the top av his thrunk, talkin' all

the time. 'Now,' sez I, 'I'll make you comfortable for the night. Send wan or two childher here,' I sez to the sergeant who was watchin' to see me killed. 'He'll rouse at the sight av a man.'

"You got bloomin' clever all of a sudden," said Ortheris. "'Ow did you come to know 'is funny little ways that soon?'"

"Bekase," said Terence with emphasis, "bekase I had conquered the beggar, my son."

"Ho!" said Ortheris between doubt and derision, "G' on."

"His mahout's child an' wan or two other line-babies came runnin' up, not bein' afraid av anything, an' some got wather, an' I washed the top av his poor sore head, (begad, I had done him to a turn!) an' some picked the pieces av carts out av his hide, an' we seraped him, an' handled him all over, an' we put a thunderin' big poultice av neem-leaves (the same that ye stick on a pony's gall) on his head, an' it looked like a smokin'-cap, an' we put a pile av young sugar-cane forninst him, an' he began to pick at ut. 'Now,' sez I, settin' down on his fore-foot, 'we'll have a dhrink, an' let bygones be.' I sent a naygur-child for a quart av arrack, an' the sergeant's wife she sint me out four fingers av whisky, an' whin the liquor came I cud see by the twinkle in Ould Typhoon's eye that he was no more a stranger to ut than me,—worse luck, than me! So he tuk his quart like a Christian, an' *thin* I put his shackles on, chained him fore an' aft to the pickets, an' gave him my blessin', an' wint back to barracks."

"And after?" I said in the pause.

"Ye can guess," said Mulvaney. "There was confusion, an' the colonel gave me ten rupees, an' the adjutant gave me five, an' my comp'ny captain gave me five, an' the men carried me round the barracks shoutin'."

"Did you go to Clink?" said Ortheris.

"I niver heard a word more about the misundherstandin' wid Kearney's beak, if that's what you mane; but sev'ril av the bhoys was tuk off sudden

to the Holy Christians' Hotel that night. Small blame to him,—they had twenty rupees in dhinks. I wint to lie down an' sleep ut off, for I was as done an' double done as him there in the lines. 'Tis no small thing to go ride elephants. Subsequent, me an' the Venerable Father av Sin became mighty friendly. I wud go down to the lines, whin I was in dishgrace, an' spend an' afternoon collogin' wid him; he chewin' wan stick av sugar-cane an' me another, as thick as thieves. He'd take all I had out av my pockets an' put ut back again, an' now an' thin I'd bring him beer for his dijistin', an' I'd give him advice about bein' well behaved an' keepin' off the books. Afther that he wint the way av the army, an' that's bein' thransferred as soon as you've made a good friend."

"So you never saw him again?" I demanded.

"Do you believe the first half av the affair?" said Terence.

"I'll wait till Learoyd comes," I said evasively. Except when he was carefully tutored by the other two and the immediate money-benefit explained, the Yorkshireman did not tell lies; and Terence, I knew, had a profligate imagination.

"There's another part still," said Mulvaney. "Ortheris was in that."

"Then I'll believe it all," I answered, not from any special belief in Ortheris's word, but from desire to learn the rest. He stole a pup from me once when our acquaintance was new, and with the little beast stifling under his overcoat, denied not only the theft but that he ever was interested in dogs.

"That was at the beginnin' av the Afghan business," said Mulvaney; "years afther the men that had seen me do the thrick was dead or gone home. I came not to speak av ut at the last bekase,—bekase I do not care to knock the face av ivry man that calls me a liar. At the very beginnin' av the marchin' I wint sick like a fool. I had a boot-gall, but I was all for keepin' up wid the rig'mint and

such like foolishness. So I finished up wid a hole in my heel that you cud ha' dhruv a tent-peg into. Faith, how often have I preached that to recruits since, for a warnin' to him to look afther their feet! Our doethor, who knew our business as well as his own, he sez to me, in the middle av the Tangi Pass it was: 'That's sheer damned carelessness,' sez he. 'How often have I told you that a marchin' man is no stronger than his feet,—his feet,—his feet!' he sez. 'Now to hospital you go,' he sez, 'for three weeks, an expense to your Quane an' a nuisance to your country. Next time,' sez he, 'perhaps you'll put some av the whisky you pour down your throat, an' some av the tallow you put into your hair, into your socks,' sez he. Faith, he was a just man. So soon as we come to the head av the Tangi I wint to hospital, hoppin' on wan fut, woid wid disappointment. 'Twas a field-hospital (all flies an' native apothecaries an' liniment) dhropped, in a way av speakin', close by the head av the Tangi. The hospital guard was ravin' mad wid us sick for keepin' thim there, an' we was ravin' mad at bein' kept; an' through the Tangi, day an' night an' night an' day, the fut an' horse an' guns an' commissariat an' tents an' followers av the brigades was pourin' like a coffee-mill. The doolies came dancin' through, scores an' scores av thim, an' they'd turn up the hill to hospital wid their sick, an' I lay in bed nursin' my heel, an' hearin' the men bein' tuk out. I remimber wan night (the time I was tuk wid fever) a man came rowlin' through the tents an', 'Is there any room to die here?' he sez; 'there's none wid the columns'; an' at that he dropped dead acrost a cot, an' thin the man in ut began to complain against dyin' all alone in the dust undher dead men. Thin I must ha' turned mad with the fever, an' for a week I was prayin' the saints to stop the noise av the columns movin' through the Tangi. Gun-wheels it was that wore my head thin. Ye know how 'tis wid fever?"

We nodded ; there was no need to explain.

"Gun-wheels an' feet an' people shoutin', but mostly gun-wheels. 'Twas neither night nor day to me for a week. In the mornin' they'd rowl up the tent-flies, an' we sick cud look at the Pass an' considher what was comin' next. Horse, fut, or guns, they'd be sure to dhrop wan or two sick wid us an' we'd get news. Wan mornin', whin the fever hild off of me, I was watchin' the Tangi, an' 'twas just like the picture on the backside av the Afghan medal,—men an' elephints an' guns comin' wan at a time crawlin' out of a dhrain."

"It were a dhrain," said Ortheris with feeling. "I've fell out an' been sick in the Tangi twice ; an' wot turns my innards ain't no bloomin' v'ilets neither."

"The Pass give a twist at the end, so everything shot out suddint an' they'd built a throop-bridge (mud an' dead mules) over a nullah at the head av ut. I lay an' counted the elephints (gun-elephints) thryin' the bridge wid their thrunks an' rolling out sagacious. The fifth elephint's head came round the corner, an' he threw up his thrunk, an' he fetched a toot, an' there he shstuk at the head of the Tangi like a cork in a bottle. 'Faith,' thinks I to mysilf, 'he will not thrust the bridge ; there will be throuble.'"

"Trouble! My Gawd!" said Ortheris. "Terence, I was be'ind that blooming 'uttee up to my stock in dust. Trouble!"

"Tell on then, little man ; I only saw the hospital end av ut." Mulvaney knocked the ashes out of his pipe, as Ortheris heaved the dogs aside and went on.

"We was escort to them guns, three comp'nies of us," he said. "Dewey was our major, an' our orders was to roll up anything we come across in the Tangi an' shove it out t'other end. Sort o' pop-gun picnic, see? We'd rolled up a lot o' lazy beggars o' native followers, an' some commissariat supplies that was bivoo-whackin' for ever seemin'ly, an' all the sweepin's of 'arf

a dozen things what ought to 'ave bin at the front weeks ago, an' Dewey, he sez to us : 'You're most 'eart-breakin' sweeps,' 'e sez. 'For 'eving's sake,' sez 'e, 'do a little sweepin' now.' So we swep',—s'welp me, 'ow we did sweep 'em along! There was a full reg'ment be'ind us ; most anxious to get on they was ; an' they kep' on sendin' to us with the colonel's compliments, an' what in 'ell was we stoppin' the way for, please? Oh, they was partic'lar polite! So was Dewey! 'E sent 'em back wot-for, an' 'e give us wot-for, an' we give the guns wot-for, an' they give the commissariat wot-for, an' the commissariat give first-class extry wot-for to the native followers, an' on we'd go again till we was stuck, an' the 'ole Pass 'ud be swimmin' Allelujah for a mile an' a 'arf. We 'adn't no tempers, nor no seats to our trousers, an' our coats an' our rifles was chucked in the carts, so as we might ha' been cut up any minute, an' we was doin' drover-work. That was wot it was ; drovin' on the Islin'ton road!

"I was close up at the 'ead of the column when we saw the end of the Tangi openin' out ahead of us, an' I sez : 'The door's open, boys. 'Oo'll git to the gall'ry fust!' I sez. Then I saw Dewey scrawin' 'is bloomin' eyeglass in 'is eye an' lookin' straight on. 'Propped,—ther beggar!' he sez ; an' the be'ind end o' that bloomin' old 'uttee was shinin' through the dust like a bloomin' old moon made o' tarpaulin. Then we 'alted, all chock a block one atop o' the other, an' right at the back o' the guns there sails in a lot o' silly grinnin' camels, what the commissariat was in charge of—sailin' away as if they was at the Zoological Gardens an' squeezin' our men most awful. The dust was that up you couldn't see your 'and ; an' the more we 'it 'em on the 'ead the more their drivers sez, 'Accha! Accha!' an' by Gawd it was 'at yer' before you knew where you was. An' that 'uttee's be'ind end stuck in the Pass good an' tight, an' no one knew wot for.

"Fust thing we 'ad to do was to fight they bloomin' camels. I wasn't goin' to be eat by no bull-oont; so I 'eld up my trousers with one 'and, standin' on a rock, an' 'it away with my belt at every nose I saw bobbin' above me. Then the camels fell back, an' they 'ad to fight to keep the rear-guard an' the native followers from crushin' into them; an' the rear-guard 'ad to send down the Tangi to warn the other reg'ment that we was blocked. I 'eard the mahouts shoutin in front that the 'uttee wouldn't cross the bridge; an' I saw Dewey skip-pin' about through the dust like a musquito worm in a tank. Then our comp'nies got tired o' waitin' an' began to mark time, an' some goat struck up *Tommy, make room for your Uncle*. After that, you couldn't neither see nor breathe nor 'ear; an' there we was, singin' bloomin' serenades to the end of a elephant that don't care for tunes! I sung too; I couldn't do nothin' else. They was strengthenin' the bridge in front, all for the sake of the 'uttee. By an' by a orf'cer caught me by the throat an' choked the sing out of me. So I caught the next man I could see by the throat an' choked the sing out of 'im."

"What's the difference between being choked by an officer and being hit?" I asked, remembering a little affair in which Ortheris's honour had been injured by his lieutenant.

"One's a bloomin' lark, an' one's a bloomin' insult!" said Ortheris. "Besides, we was on service, an' no one cares what an orf'cer does then, s'long as 'e gets our rations an' don't get us unusual cut up. After that we got quiet, an' I 'eard Dewey say that 'e'd court-martial the lot of us soon as we was out of the Tangi. Then we give three cheers for Dewey an' three more for the Tangi; an' the 'uttee's be'ind end was stickin' in the Pass, so we cheered *that*. Then they said the bridge had been strengthened, an' we give three cheers for the bridge; but the 'uttee wouldn't move a bloomin' hinch. Not 'im! Then we cheered 'im again, an' Kite Dawson,

that was corner-man at all the sing-songs ('e died on the way down) began to give a nigger lecture on the be'ind ends of elephants, an' Dewey, 'e tried to keep 'is face for a minute, but, Lord, you couldn't do such when Kite was playin' the fool an' askin' whether 'e mightn't 'ave leave to rent a bloomin' villa an' raise 'is orphan children in the Tangi, 'cos 'e couldn't get 'ome no more. Then up come a orf'cer (mounted, like a fool, too) from the reg'mint at the back with some more of his colonel's pretty little compliments, an' what was this delay, please. We sung 'im *There's another bloomin' row downstairs* till 'is 'orse bolted, an' then we give 'im three cheers; an' Kite Dawson sez 'e was goin' to write to *The Times* about the awful state of the streets in Afghanistan. The 'uttee's be'ind end was stickin' in the Pass all the time. At last one o' the mahouts came to Dewey an' sez something. 'Oh Lord!' sez Dewey, 'I don't know the beggar's visitin'-list! I'll give 'im another ten minutes an' then I'll shoot 'im.' Things was gettin' pretty dusty in the Tangi, so we all listened. 'E wants to see a friend,' sez Dewey out loud to the men, an' 'e mopped 'is forehead an' sat down on a gun-tail.

"I leave it to you to judge 'ow the reg'ment shouted. 'That's all right,' we sez. 'Three cheers for Mister Winterbottom's friend,' sez we. 'Why didn't you say so at first? Pass the word for old Swizzletail's wife,'—and such like. Some o' the men they didn't laugh. They took it same as if it might have been a introduction like, 'cos they knew about 'uttees. Then we all run forward over the guns an' in an' out among the elephants' legs, —Lord, I wonder 'arf the comp'nies wasn't squashed—an' the next thing I saw was Terence 'ere, lookin' like a sheet o' wet paper, comin' down the 'ill-side wid a sergeant. 'Strewth,' I sez. 'I might ha' knowed 'e'd be at the bottom of any cat's trick,' sez I. Now you tell wot 'appened your end?"

"I lay be the same as you did, little man, listenin' to the noises an' the

bhoys singin'. Presintly I heard whisperin' an' the doctor sayin', 'Get out av this, wakin' my sick wid your jokes about elephints.' An' another man sez, all angry: 'Tis a joke that is stoppin' two thousand men in the Tangi. That son av sin av a haybag av an elephint sez, or the mahouts sez for him, that he wants to see a friend, an' he'll not lift hand or fut till he finds him. I'm wore out wid inthro-jucin' sweepers an' coolies to him, an' his hide's as full o' bay'net pricks as a musquito-net av holes, an' I'm here unlder orders, docter dear, to ask if any one, sick or well, or alive or dead, knows an elephint. I'm not mad,' he sez, settin' on a box av medical comforts. 'Tis my ordhers, an' 'tis my mother,' he sez, 'that would laugh at me for the father av all fools to-day. Does any wan here know an elephint?' We sick was all quiet.

"Now you've had your answer," sez the doctor. "Go away."

"Hould on," I sez, thinkin' misti-ways in my cot, an' I did not know my own voice. 'I'm by way av bein' acquainted wid an elephint, myself,' I sez.

"That's delirium," sez the doctor. 'See what you've done, sergeant. Lie down, man,' he sez, seein' me thryin' to get up.

"Tis not," I sez. 'I rode him round Cawnpore barricks. He will not ha' forgotten. I bruk his head wid a rifle.'

"Mad as a coot," sez the doctor, an' thin he felt my head. 'It's square,' sez he. 'Man,' he sez, 'if you go, d' you know 'twill either kill or cure?'

"What do I care?" sez I. 'If I'm mad, 'tis better dead.'

"Faith, that's sound enough," sez the doctor. 'You've no fever on you.'

"Come on," sez the sergeant. 'We're all mad to-day, an' the throops are wantin' their dinner.' He put his arm round av me an' I came into the sun, the hills an' the rocks skip-pin' big giddy-go-rounds. 'Seventeen years have I been in the army,' sez

the sergeant, 'an' the days av mericles are not done. They'll be givin' us more pay next. Begad,' he sez, 'the brute knows you!'

"Ould Obstructionist was screamin' like all possist whin I came up, an' I heard forty million men up the Tangi shoutin', 'He knows him!' Thin the big thrunk came round me an' I was nigh fainting wid weakness. 'Are you well, Malachi?' I sez, givin' him the name he answered to in the lines. 'Malachi, my son, are you well?' sez I, 'for I am not.' At that he thrumped again till the Pass rang to ut, an' the other elephints tuk it up. Thin I got a little strength back. 'Down, Malachi,' I sez, 'an put me up, but touch me tendher for I am not good.' He was on his knees in a minut an' he slung me up as gentle as a girl. 'Go on now, my son,' I sez. 'You're blockin' the road.' He fetched wan more joyous toot, an' swung grand out av the head av the Tangi, his gun-gear clankin' on his back; an' at the back av him there wint the most amazin' shout I iver heard. An' thin I felt my head shpin, an' a mighty sweat bruk out on me, an' Malachi was growin' taller an' taller to me settin' on his back, an' I sez, foolish like an' weak, smilin, all round an' about, 'Take me down,' I sez, 'or I'll fall.'

"The next I remimber was lyin' in my cot again, limp as a chewed rag but cured of the fever, an' the Tangi as empty as the back av my hand. They'd all gone up to the front, an' ten days later I wint up too, havin' blocked an' unblocked an entire army corps. What do you think av ut, sorr? "

"I'll wait till I see Learoyd," I repeated.

"Ah'm here," said a shadow from among the shadows. "Ah've heard t' tale too."

"Is it true, Jock? "

"Ay; thrue as t'owd bitch has gotten t'mange. Orth'ris, yo' maun't let t'dawgs hev owt to do wi' her."

UNDER THE GREAT WALL.

Just thirty-one years ago, in the summer following the Pekin Campaign, in company with Dr. Fleming, C.B., late Principal Veterinary Surgeon of the British Army, who was then attached to the Expeditionary Force, I rode over the country to the east of Pekin. It was to all intents and purposes an unknown land, and we (being both considerably younger then than we are now) were as curious to see what might be on the farther side of the Great Wall as Alice was to see what was behind the looking-glass. The bleakness of the low plain round Tientsin (which was our starting point) threw into prominence the comparative wealth of the higher country that stretches thence north to the foot of the mountains, and east to the point where the chain runs into the sea at Shan-hai-Kwan, the terminus of the Great Wall; and our journey afforded unfailing sources of interest in various ways. Travellers scan the surface of a country from many points of view, and the comments of my companion and myself on the march were no doubt of the ordinary kind. What a rich agricultural country! What a plateau for a railway! What splendid ground for cavalry (barring sunken roads and innumerable gulches cut deep into the loess by the summer torrents)! That is how the explorer (amateur or professional) labels off the territories of alien races. At all events it is very interesting to have had the opportunity, after so many years, of going once more over the same ground under such new, and then unforeseen, conditions; for I have enjoyed the privilege of accompanying Mr. Kinder, the engineer-in-chief of the new railway, on a survey of the line, visiting the various sections and arranging the work in

different stages. The rate of travel is agreeably slow, the sky incomparably blue, the very sea is freezing, and the climate is perfect. With a daily average of three hours in the saddle and as many on foot during sunshine, we "dine with Gipsy John" each night in well-warmed quarters with consuming gusto. For even when no other accommodation than that of a Chinese hostelry is obtainable, a considerable degree of comfort can be secured (where heat and comfort are nearly synonymous terms) by heating the k'angs, or brick bed-places, which have a fire-place underneath with flues conducting the hot air all under the bed. An armful or so of sorghum stalks suffices to warm a k'ang in half-an-hour, and the heat is retained for a whole night without any more fire.

While the engineers are busy with their pegs and levels, I have leisure to linger on the landscape, to note the very striking increase in the outward and visible prosperity of the country during these thirty-one years, the growth of the villages in number, importance, and style, to gaze from where I write on the clear outlines of the mountains among whose burning crags Fleming came near losing his life in 1861, and to wonder what the world would have lost had his light been extinguished in its then ante-meridian period. He, by the way, like a dutiful soldier, named the peak where he had the adventure after his chief Staveley, as he has related in his *Travels on Horseback in Manchu Tartary*; but whether geographers have respected the christening, I have no means at hand of determining.

The construction of railroads necessarily assumes special features in every land, and those of China are so peculiar and so characteristic of the

country that they deserve to be noticed. The line which the Imperial Government is now making (for the hollow fiction of a company in which there were no shareholders has been finally discarded), extends from a place called Kuych, some ten miles east of the city of Kaiping, the terminal point of the line of the "China Railway Company" (so called), to Shan-hai-Kwan, where the Great Wall meets the sea. The length will be eighty-five miles. The country is, on the whole, an easy one, presenting nothing that can be called engineering "difficulties," and very few important engineering operations. The chief of these is the bridge over the Lan river, two thousand five hundred feet, in spans of two hundred feet (speaking roughly), and some rock-cutting near the eastern terminus. The purchase of land has so far given little trouble, while material and labour are equally abundant and cheap. Rails and bridges are imported from abroad, contracted for by public tender, the successful competitors being English, so far as is at present known. The bridge for Lanchow is being constructed under the supervision of Sir Samuel Baker, the consulting engineer of the railway for that class of work.

The railway now running in this province is one hundred miles long from Tientsin, by Tongku, to Kuych aforesaid. It is a mineral line, but to each train there are passenger carriages attached. Its purpose, commercially speaking, is to serve the two collieries at Tongshan and Lin Si, which, by means of the rail and good steam colliers, are able now to send their product as far south as Canton. The true meaning of both the existing and the projected line is, however, not commercial, but political. The Government has for some years past been slowly taking in the idea that, for its own security, it ought to have a railway to connect the northern extremities with what it considers, perhaps erroneously, the heart of the empire. Not being indigenous, but purely exotic, this idea has been very

imperfectly assimilated by the natives, and consequently it has been carried out in a wavering and inconsistent manner, as if there were conflicting influences at work, sometimes one and sometimes another getting the upper hand. The construction of the new line was decreed by imperial edict promulgated several years ago, and the delay in putting the scheme into execution is attributable to these opposing influences. It is characteristic of the Chinese that they never confront an obstacle, but wait to see if peradventure a way round it may not be found. A trifling obstruction at once throws them off the line. Baron von Richthofen, when he was in China, commenting on this peculiarity, observed that on their public roads loaded vehicles would go patiently for years round some stone or other object, which half-a-dozen hands could remove once for all in a trice. This is a thread woven into the Chinese constitution. There was an illustration of it in the summer of 1890 in connection with a contract for steel rails for this very line. Tenders were invited for June. The lowest in price was an English maker of the first rank, and it was without hesitation accepted by the railway directors. Thereupon a cry was set up by the German and French Ministers in Peking operating on the Tsungli Yamén, backed by the respective Consuls in Tientsin operating on Li Hung Chang. They stormed in chorus at the favour shown to the English, even insinuating foul play, as was perhaps natural to some of them, and in plain terms demanded a share of the spoil for German and French manufacturers. One official denounced Sir Samuel Baker's appointment as an insult to his country. Instead of asserting their independence, as the occasion required, the Chinese officials yielded to the clamour. It should, however, be remembered in their defence, that the incident occurred at the moment when the whole corps diplomatique were supposed to be applying united pressure to

the Chinese Government on account of the Yangtze outrages. Li Hung Chang ordered the railway directors to cancel their contract with the English rail-makers. Of course, had there been any one to stand up for the sanctity of a contract, it would have been fulfilled in spite of the Franco-German protests, but there was none to lift a finger on behalf of the English manufacturer and justice. While bending to the blast, however, the Viceroy did not give the order to either German or French firms at their own prices, but, as usual, waited, and advertised for new tenders for the 4th of November. Again the English firms were the cheapest, as they undoubtedly were the best, and the contract was awarded to them. But so terrified were the Administration (now become Imperial) of another explosion, that they delayed signing the contract for some three weeks, during which time they were closely besieged by quite another order of temptation to oblique dealing. The practical result has been to throw back the construction of this line for the best part of a year, for had the rails been on hand at the time originally stipulated for, the line as far as Lanchow would have been complete and ready for traffic before the end of 1891.

It should be noted as an interesting fact in a notoriously corrupt country, that the railways are among the cheapest in the world. The precise cost it is impossible to ascertain, as proper accounts are not kept; but the expenditure can be estimated with sufficient accuracy independently of the "office." The line now building cannot cost more than £5,000 per mile, with stations, rolling-stock, and everything complete. Adding twenty per cent. for contingencies—that is to say, bonuses and such extraneous charges as in England are veiled under the general denomination of "Parliamentary expenses"—the extreme cost will not exceed £6,000 per mile, or £540,000 in all, which is just about the sum (2,000,000 taels) appropriated by the

Board of Revenue annually for the construction of railways. As, however, the work will be really spread over two years, the appropriation for the second year will be, like all such unused appropriations, merged in the general budget; so that when the funds are actually required they will be as hard to obtain as if no appropriation had been made. This is, in fact, already the case with the China Railway fund, which it is suspected has been applied to purposes in which the high officials have a more direct personal interest than they have in railways. At any rate, it is not forthcoming when wanted, but has to be extorted by instalments, and even collected from the different provinces which have been taxed to provide it.

The position of an engineer in a country like China is naturally different from what it is anywhere else. He serves employers who understand nothing of the work to be done, and who, when they interfere at all, usually make the most childish suggestions. A man who is personally and professionally conscientious has therefore to make his employers do what is right, often in spite of appearances and sometimes in spite of insinuations, with which rivals or jealous onlookers are too apt to abuse the uninstructed ears of the authorities. The engineer's difficulty is the greater inasmuch as the Chinese do not spontaneously give any man credit for doing work for conscience' sake; and when they fail to find proof of interested motives in any of their servants, are apt to conclude he is deep rather than immaculate. They do not believe in ethical miracles, and are on the whole disposed to trust a man who overtly robs them, on the ground that him at least they have fathomed. With masters so ignorant and so incorrigibly suspicious, a chief engineer of railways is perhaps at a greater disadvantage than any other professional man, for the greater part of his work, though plain to the sight, must always be beyond the apprecia-

tion of any amateur. What has been, perhaps, of most interest to myself on the present expedition, is overhearing the constant discussions between the chief and the sectional engineers on the details of their work. The number of small things to be considered in a strange country is of course infinite: where and of what capacity drains and culverts should be; estimates of summer floods, force of torrents, vagaries of drift sand at the different parts of the line; the quality of stone to be used here and there, with reference to cost and probable wearing qualities; the elevation of the track to suit the nature of soil; the proper time to do this or that and to collect materials, and so on, all with a view to the greatest present and future economy. Trivial as these matters may seem in detail, it is only by the closest attention to them all that the capital cost of the line can be kept so low as it has been, and the economical working of the future traffic insured. Yet these things might be nearly all neglected without an engineer laying himself open to any serious imputation, and a heavy bill would not perhaps cause him to forfeit the good opinion of the Chinese. For although working under severe injunctions as to keeping down expenses, the Chinese directorate's economy takes mostly the form which is familiarly known as "sparing at the spigot and letting out at the bung-hole." They will, for example, sign an order for two thousand pounds' worth of timber or iron without a moment's hesitation; but if it is a question of supplying a country cart of the value of five pounds, severe and protracted pressure has to be used with them, because it comes within the sphere of their experience. One grand element of economy seems wholly beyond Chinese grasp; that is, timing the supply of material so that important work may not be stopped. I found them haggling over a trifling purchase of rubble stone for a piece of work which was most urgently required to be executed before the winter, and

which, for want of the broken stone, must now wait till next year. Similarly the preparations for the large bridge have been thrown back probably six months because the directors dawdled two months over the despatch of a quantity of timber, waiting for a friend of their own to get the job of carrying it. These are the circumstances which add vexatiously to the capital cost; but it would appear that in matters requiring co-ordination on any great scale the Chinese are constitutionally deficient, and foreigners, so long as they are employed at all, will probably have to contend with this Chinese characteristic.

Where, however, labour, and fairly intelligent labour, is so abundant, and commercial energy so ubiquitous, the engineer has many advantages to counteract the drawbacks of the position. Hence it is that a very small staff suffices for the execution of important works. On this eighty-five miles of road, for example, there are only five engineers of sections—one Australian, one Canadian, one Scotchman, one Dane, and one Irishman. An immense deal of the drudgery is done for them by natives. All material is supplied and work done by contract, infinitely subdivided, and the engineer is not required to check the quantities delivered, or to measure earthworks or such like, as he would have to do in other countries. An account office, in charge of a cashier, accompanies each engineer of section, who is responsible only for the work being done. The deep aversion of the Chinese to foreigners will always be a sufficient incentive to them to retain in their own hands everything they possibly can, and to them finance is as the apple of their eye.

The average cost of earthworks is 1½d. to 2d. per cubic yard, though the extremes go considerably below and above these prices, and the number of hands that can be put on a job is so great that such operations can be pushed through very rapidly. If the Chinese excel in anything it is in their

wonderful aptitude for removing earth. Valleys rise and hills are levelled before them with surprising rapidity. Implements are furnished to the navvies of better pattern than their own, and they take to them willingly. They are getting to understand the manipulation of tip-waggon on light trams so well, that the contractors are enabled to estimate at a lower price for work on which they have the use of these aids.

The wages paid to labourers are about 6d. per diem, with rations. The workers are easily contented, demanding only the plainest of food, while for housing they are satisfied in winter to creep all together under a long low mat shed with a solid back to the north wind. The severity of the weather, however, usually stops all such work before Christmas. What the men do when they retire to winter quarters I cannot tell; but Chinamen have a curious hibernating faculty, whereby by abstaining from muscular exertion they are able to economise considerably in their eating. In times of scarcity, when wages fall below a certain range, poor people sometimes choose not to work, because they consider that they would have to take more food to repair the waste than the work done would produce.

In their field-work the engineers naturally receive great assistance from the Chinese who have been already trained, and who in many instances develop both energy and intelligence under foreign discipline. The most useful are men of the respectable lower classes, who rise and prosper on the railway. One also meets along the line the waifs and strays of the northern treaty ports, who gravitate to this sieve, where, under practical tests, the chaff is quickly separated from the wheat. The native engineers who have been educated in Europe or America have not, so far, proved successful; for though they have thoroughly mastered their theoretical education, and could pass the severest examination, yet when left to them-

selves they are unable to apply what they have learned, and are wholly lacking in originality. They also labour under the common disadvantage of the clan system, which pursues the Chinaman everywhere, with probably worse consequences than those of caste in India. Chinese officials never willingly appoint an individual, even to the meanest post, unless he is a fellow-clansman; and in the valuable men who, irrespective of province, rise by foreign selection, the native officials see neither merit nor demerit except in so far as the individual belongs to their own or to some other clan. Hence the foreign engineers have to be guarded in commending their deserving native assistants for fear of exciting the jealous attention of the Chinese low officials, who, instead of promoting, often resort to Oriental devices to drive the meritorious one from the service.

It is the clan system which is supposed to be ruining the Chinese navy, and rendering it useless for any purpose of peace or war except firing salutes; and it will ruin every other public service in the country, if not stamped out. Li Hung Chang's drilled troops are largely drafted from his native province Anhui, as if a national army were not yet to be thought of. To provide for natives of Anhui it has been resolved to clear out all the Cantonese in this province, an enterprising people by whose energy and means the Tongshan collieries were opened, and who have consequently aroused jealousy.

The Chinese officials on the railway are the nominally responsible parties, and they are Chinese officials; a term which to any one who has lived long in China sums up nearly all that can be said about them. The railway in all its parts and stages is to them a strange and inscrutable thing, whose mysteries they are slower to learn than their uneducated fellow-countrymen, owing to their minds being already saturated with a kind of lore which has no points of contact with the

novelties introduced by the troublesome foreign devils. They detest the whole undertaking, which does not even provide such means of enrichment as any purely native work would do. Custom renders it derogatory to them to handle any implement heavier than a hair pencil, and what is necessary to be done by officials is simply entrusted to their servants. At the head office things are scarcely better. The directors are men who have been forced into an unwelcome position, who have no feeling for the substantial success of the railway, and no appreciation of workmanlike excellence; but who are always ready to listen to any dilettante who can talk superficially of velvet and varnish, and show from illustrated advertisements in what respects the Chinese trains come short of some ideal Brighton express or Philadelphia flier, especially when the glib foreign gentleman hints at the profuse lubrication which railway promotion demands in other countries and which is only compatible with lavish cost. From this point of view it has probably been a real hindrance to railway extension in China that the native system of finance was not allowed free play, and the promoters enabled to appropriate one-third of the capital. By no other method are the higher order of officials likely to be ever brought to interest themselves actively in the enterprise. The syndicates of all nations, which have been assiduously courting the Chinese Government for several years past, base their schemes entirely on the corruptibility of Chinese high officials. What has enabled the Chinese, with their palms itching terribly all the time, to withstand these incessant temptations has been the national fear and hatred of foreigners—feelings which have no more thoroughgoing representative than Li Hung Chang himself, who makes extensive use of foreigners only that he may the sooner rid himself of them altogether. Very great credit must be given to the engineer-in-chief, Mr. Kinder, loyally

backed up by the London agents, Messrs. J. Whittall and Co., for the resolute stand he has made against financial abuses, so as to keep the capital and the working expenses of the railway down to the lowest point possible. The importance of this policy in a poor and penurious country like China, where people will only travel by rail to economise shoe-leather, and where the first class carriages are mostly filled by free passes, needs no argument.

Though the line now being constructed is actually a Government affair, and is intended for military purposes, the Government has such a hazy idea of what these military purposes ought to be that it may be long ere the line be employed in the transportation of either troops, guns, or stores. There is at any rate a risk of the impulse of military use expending itself before its value has been demonstrated, in which case, or perhaps in any case, the fate of the railway will be determined by its commercial showing alone. Government enterprises in China mean necessarily large and ill-reckoned expenditure; but while in their arsenals, fleets, and even schools, there is some visible return to salve the conscience of the Board of Revenue, there is nothing in the prosaic daily work of a railway carrying coal, stone, and country produce, and a few hundreds of dirty passengers, to furnish a counterpoise to a heavy monthly outlay. Were such an outlay to be faced, there is considerable probability that, like most other good things in China, the railway would be allowed to decay. In the interest therefore of the progressive development of railways in China, it is most essential that the first essays should be rendered capable of paying their way in the most adverse circumstances. How this economical necessity is to be reconciled with the generous expenditure which would swell the stores of the various directors is a problem of which the solution is not quite obvious.

The data for estimating the earning power of Chinese railways are as yet scant, but putting aside the purely local advantage of the mineral traffic, the receipts from passengers may be approximately calculated. On the line of a hundred miles now open, the trains make over seven hundred miles per diem and carry about fifteen hundred passengers, or a little over two per train-mile. The fare for third class is $\frac{1}{2}$ d., and for that more accommodation is provided than for third class passengers in any other country. The second class is hardly worth reckoning, as the carriages seem only to receive the overflow of the third class. As for the first class it is a factor of dubious value to the company. The foreigners, who all pay, do not exceed one hundred and fifty monthly, and they complain much of being incommoded by crowds of Chinese, who are always unpleasant at too close quarters and few of whom ever show a ticket.

A word about the political difficulties in the way of the construction. They mostly vanish on being faced. The country hereabouts happens to be not only a comparatively rich agricultural district, but from having been the birthplace of many eminent men whose families have attained and retained importance, it is full of graveyards, ancient and modern, which, from the groves of trees planted round them, constitute the only ornamental feature of the country. These graves are cherished, not alone by the families to whom they belong, but are often also held in reverence by the population. Even ancient burial-grounds, whose owners have become extinct as a family, are in many cases worshipped by the farmers and villagers as essential to the luck of their district. Were the Chinese themselves to lay out a line of railway, it would resemble one of their roads, which are all constructed on the principle of surrounding everything, in keeping with the Chinese

characteristic observed by Richthofen. Nothing but the sinuosity of a Chinese river like the Peiho would give an adequate idea of the twisting of a Chinese railway, unless the projecting engineer laid very full stress on the cost and danger of curves. The result of these tactics, however, is that by leisurely negotiation with those families whose tombs it was necessary to acquire, and by yielding in cases where such was impracticable, the line will come out respectably straight.

In the purchase of ground the officials engaged have experienced no real difficulty, owners generally recognising that the enterprise is really a Government affair and for the general good. All the land required has been so far obtained at prices ranging from £10 to £25 per acre.

Approaching Shan-hai-Kwan, the line as originally laid out skirts the sea coast at one point within a couple of miles. An ingenious foreigner, who is rather lavish of gratuitous advice to the Chinese, suggested that the railway would be exposed to attack from sea, which is doubtless true. But the characteristically Chinese remedy insisted on by Li Hung Chang is that the line be moved two miles more inland, where it would be hidden by rising ground. This whim has accordingly been humoured at the expense of a considerable deviation and some heavy rock cuttings, adding about £25,000 to the cost of construction, and with gradients which will hamper the earning power of the railway for all time. What renders the proceeding so futile is that, besides there being many other points accessible to an enemy, whoever should think it worth while to cut the line would certainly not be deterred by a two-mile march over an easy country. But it has always been the Chinese way to expect an enemy to accommodate his strategy to their preparations.

A. MICHIE.

FRANCE AND THE PAPACY.

THE peculiar genius of the French people, and the many and rapid changes chronicled in French history, make the relations of France and the Papacy of very great interest. The relationship may be looked at from two points of view. It has a purely political aspect; and it has also a social aspect, which, though it often blends with the former, is more of a domestic character, and involves also the relations of Church and State. Let us consider it first from the former point of view.

France was long held as "the eldest daughter of the Church," and the Popes had no more powerful allies than the wearers of the French crown. Between Rome and Paris the best relations usually existed. But the Revolution changed all this. The doctrines of Rousseau and Voltaire became the fashion of the hour, and the Church was robbed of its old glories, power, and authority. Under the Concordat of 1801 (which still remains the fundamental law of Church and State in France), some sort of agreement was established, which has survived the vicissitudes of near a century, and, though strained and tested to the uttermost, still remains in force to-day. Almost every government, whether monarchical, imperialist, or republican, seems to have had its quarrel with the Church. The insults of the Jacobins were succeeded by the brutal injuries of the imperial usurper. Napoleon seized the patrimony of St. Peter, and laid impious hands on the persons of the Popes. Pius VII. died in Valence, and Pius VIII. long languished in the fortress of Savona. The French clergy were treated with haughty severity. A document recently discovered has revealed the fact that, in 1812, the State prisons of Vincennes,

Fenestrelles, and Ham, contained no less than four cardinals, four bishops, two superior-generals, one vicar-general, nine canons, and thirty-eight cures and vicaires. But though the Roman Church may retreat, it never concedes one jot of its pretensions, and the Church still remained a force to be reckoned with. This was a fact which Napoleon was quick to perceive, and not even he could afford to maintain a conflict with so powerful a body. He prudently determined to patch up the quarrel, and endeavoured to make the Church his slave and his tool. And to some extent he succeeded. He induced the Pope to crown him in Paris, and by stress of violence almost prevailed upon the old and enfeebled Pontiff to transfer his government from the banks of the Tiber to those of the Seine. It would have been a brilliant stroke for him to make Paris the centre not only of the secular but also of the religious world, and for himself to stand forward not merely as the greatest conqueror of the age, but also as the patron and defender of Christendom. But his downfall once more exemplified the vanity of human wishes. With the restoration a period not merely of peace but of dignity was restored to the Church. The claims and pretensions of the old régime were eagerly raised and as readily allowed. Then once more the wheel of fortune turned, and with the advent of Louis Philippe, the citizen-king, another time of conflict came for the Church. The nominee of the bourgeoisie, the king had nothing chivalrous to support him; it was, as Montalembert said, like putting up a grocer and his family to be shot at. The monarchy of July was in effect the rule of the highly respectable, money-making, comfort-loving bour-

geois. In Guizot, the statesman and scholar, this type was seen at its best. And of him Louis Philippe is said to have remarked that he was so terribly respectable. "There is," he said, "some mistake about his respectability or his nationality; they do not match." If the vices of the bourgeois were few, their virtues were petty, and their lives lacked colour and romance. Living for the world and materially-minded, for the clergy they had little sympathy or respect. They regarded them much as gendarmes in cassocks, or a spiritual police who performed a useful function in society by preaching resignation to the masses. "A crown is well worth a mass"; that was about the alpha and the omega of the creed of the bourgeois. It is little wonder that the clergy, the members of an old and splendid Church with great traditions, closely allied as they were with the fallen dynasty, refused to recognise the new monarchy, and came into conflict with the civil power. But they made a virtue of necessity; and peace was soon restored, a peace which has been maintained unbroken, except on two occasions, when in 1845 the bishops contested the university's claims of monopoly, and in 1860, when they were rash enough to criticise the methods of imperial diplomacy.

There was perhaps not much genuine goodwill on the part of the State; but the clergy could not be altogether neglected, and their support was worth buying. It was this policy, as much as jealousy of Austria, that sent French troops under Oudinot to the siege of Rome, and French bayonets to the support of Pio Nono. The relations of Napoleon III. to the Pope were always outwardly cordial. Each side had much to gain from the other. The Papacy was perhaps the most conservative force in Europe, and it had always exercised its influence in favour of the old-established monarchical dynasties. It detested upstarts and pinchbeck Imperialists who masquer-

aded in the plumes of the old régime. Much more did it hate republics and democracies. Pius IX., least of all, was likely to forget the experiences of 1848 and the short-lived Roman Republic of that year. The doctrines of Mazzini continued to haunt him like a bad dream. But the war of 1870 changed all this. The creation of the French Republic was therefore an unwelcome event and promised trouble to the Holy See. And so it proved. There was little for the Pope to hope from France, for there was now no longer any temporal power to maintain, though the Republic might well desire the friendship of the Church. The Catholic party was generally royalist too, and its conversion to republican views implied the almost total abandonment of royalist claims. The Republic was of course weak at first, and had to feel its way. The Royalists on their side were in a minority, but stubbornly refused to abate their pretensions. But as the Republic grew in strength, it hurled the fulness of its powers against the Royalists and their Catholic supporters. The Radicals were of course in the van of the attack. To them the very survival of the Church was an insult and a defiance, "a bloated reminiscence of a feudal and superstitious age." To attack the Church was their career, their vocation, their bread of life; they were anti-clerical first and radical afterwards. And so arose a conflict between the Republic and the Church, which was none the less bitter because it was thinly veiled under forms of legality. The State, though professedly neutral in matters of religion, passed law after law which effectually maimed the power of the Church. The policy of the Republic was avowedly one of laicisation; but to the suppression of religion there was no alternative but complete irreligion. There was no middle course. Religious associations, such as the *Petites Sœurs des Pauvres* and the *Sœurs de St. Vincent de Paul*, were ruined and dispersed. Sisters of Mercy were no

longer allowed to administer consolation to the sick in the hospitals. Curés were driven from the schools, and through the length and breadth of France were subjected to insults at the hands of prefects and mayors, petty republican jacks-in-office puffed up with "a little brief authority." No longer the friend and confident of all, and shorn of their powers of public utility, the curés merely said mass, tended their gardens, and in gloomy isolation counted their beads and recited their prayers. The word Sunday was carefully excluded from Acts of Parliament. In such and similar ways the anti-clerical party used their supremacy. If the government of the day ventured to make proposals of peace, it was at once condemned by the Radicals for weak-kneed complacency, and thus the Church was slowly but surely sapped of its strength.

This is in brief the political history of Church and State in France during the present century, and the relationship of the latter to the Papacy from the foundation of the Concordat in 1801 until quite a recent period. So long as the one had anything to hope from the other, matters usually went smoothly enough, and the Popes and the various rulers of France were ostensibly friends. This happy condition of affairs lasted until 1870, when the creation of the new kingdom of Italy and the new republic of France put both parties on a different footing. Dislike and distrust marked the new era.

From the purely social point of view the relationship of France and the Papacy has been somewhat peculiar. It is a peculiarity of the French mind to seize on ideas in the abstract, and to work them out to their logical conclusions. Revolutions are, as Guizot said, relentlessly logical, and the French have a perfect genius for revolution. They love fine phrases and glittering generalities. They have a large fund of enthusiasm for things both great and small, are capable

of as much excitement over a salad as a constitution, and can be driven into the same frenzy by a hymn and a cockade. This is what Tennyson meant when he spoke of "the blind hysterics of the Celt." And so it has been with the functions of the Papacy. It was Frenchmen who summoned the Popes to new missions, and attempted to allure them with magnificent visions. St. Simon led the way by the publication, in 1825, of his *Nouveau Christianisme*. True Christianity, he said, should render men not only happy in heaven but on earth. And he appealed to the Pope (at that time Leo XII.) to make a personal intervention on behalf of the workers, and adopt the part of the social reformer. The Popes had, he thought, too long allied themselves with courts and kings and the great ones of the earth. The attentions of the Vatican were too much confined to diplomatic intrigues, and the paper warfare of protocols and notes. A much nobler and grander sphere of activity lay open in the virgin fields of democracy. The Pope as a social reformer! the Pope stepping into the arena of democracy, turning his back on principalities and powers, taking on himself the cause of the poor and the workers, and helping to recast the framework of society! What a grand idea! What a splendid vision of a coming millennium! Charity to the poor was not enough; the prevention of pauperism, not its relief, should henceforth be the cause of the Church. But it was all in vain. Leo XII. was not the man to quit the well-worn paths of tradition. The St. Simonian philosophy, a lineal ancestor of the religion of Comte, and the claims of democracy found little favour in his sight.

Somewhat later the quixotic Lamennais followed in the same strain. In conjunction with Lacordaire and Montalembert he founded the journal *L'Avenir*, taking as his mottoes, "God and Liberty," and "The Pope and the People." This organ he made the

mouthpiece of his views. With speech and pen he pleaded the cause of the worker. He went to Rome, and flung himself at the feet of the Pope, but to no purpose. Gregory XVI. would have none of it. He frowned and thundered, and Lamennais sought in the bosom of democracy what he vainly hoped to find in the Church. But the social revolution still remained an idle dream. The well-known liberalism of Pius IX. awakened many hopes. The alliance of the Pope and democracy seemed to have come within the sphere of practical politics, when the events of 1848 shattered all. From that day throughout his long reign Pius IX. regarded democracy with fear and aversion. And it was not until 1878 that the question of the function of the Papacy as a social reformer was once more raised by no less a person than a Jewish banker, Isaac Pereire, in his work *La Question Religieuse*. In this work he endeavoured to show that the Church was the only organisation sufficiently strong to undertake a social crusade; but no immediate results followed, and Leo XIII., like his predecessors, was deaf to the call.

Thus politically and socially the Papacy and the French Republic were poles asunder. Republicanism and democracy were in bad repute at the Vatican. Their record was not immaculate, and though they sometimes made advances to the Pope, they could never come with clean hands. So matters continued until 1890, when a remarkable change took place. Then Leo XIII. took a step almost unprecedented in the annals of the Papacy; he advanced halfway to the Republic and gave democracy the kiss of peace. In other words, he issued his famous encyclical *De Conditione Opificum*. Events had marched rapidly, and democracy had advanced with leaps and bounds. The Catholic Church, with its usual elasticity, was equal to the occasion. Where Cardinal Manning in England and Cardinal Gibbons in America led the way, Leo XIII. was bound to follow. In a democratic

age he had the wisdom to see that he must march with the times or be uselessly stranded. He saw that he might be either Caesar or nothing, and he naturally chose the former alternative. There had been learned popes, literary popes, warrior popes, and statesmen popes, but a democratic pope was new to the world. The Encyclical on labour was much more than a mere academic effusion. It was a significant event in the history of the Papacy. Though addressed to Catholics throughout the world, it produced a greater sensation in France than elsewhere, and an effect that it is not easy for Englishmen to realise. In the first place it raised some delicate questions that greatly exercised the earnest minds of French Catholics. Rome had spoken; and it was a matter of doubt to what extent, if at all, the economic questions raised in the Encyclical might be freely discussed. The late Cardinal Lavigerie declared in a pastoral letter that its teaching demanded the entire submission of all Catholics. No doubt; but that involved the assumption that there could be no dispute as to what that teaching was. It could not be categorically stated. Through mere infirmity of language, it might be differently interpreted by different minds. Did this concede liberty of discussion as to the meaning of its words? Its moral teaching (and it was largely a code of social morality) must be accepted as falling within the sphere of infallibility. But could its purely economic teaching be so regarded also? Could the dogmas of religion be permitted to trespass on the fields of economic science? It was a nice question. For example, at the Catholic Congress at Malines it was hotly discussed whether a Catholic might be rightly a Socialist or not. How far again could a Catholic rightly hold the doctrine of *laissez faire*? This phrase, the happy creation of the economist Gournay, at first merely symbolised a protest against the shackles and impediments which enchain society in the old régime.

Then it became too often an easy device for a policy of absolute negation, and a pleasant maxim for masterly inactivity. If such a doctrine was not permissible for Catholics, how far could the intervention of the State be allowed, especially by a State such as the French Republic had proved itself to be, not merely professedly colourless in faith, but absolutely hostile to the Catholic Church? These were some of the difficulties raised which made the Encyclical a message rather of strife than of peace. Next, its appearance was a staggering blow to the Radical party. They had always claimed the cause of the poor and the workers as their peculiar province; and to them the Encyclical was nothing more nor less than a shameless poaching in their own preserves. Their hostility to the Church was inflamed tenfold, and the clergy on their part were spurred to action. Hitherto they had shrunk from purely social and economic discussions; but now, with the Encyclical behind them, they felt encouraged to break new ground. Some of them, with a pardonable rashness, took to converting their pulpits into professorial chairs for economic dissertations. It was a course of action that might have been right, but was hardly expedient. The extreme Radicals saw their opportunity, and several churches, notably those of St. Merry and St. Joseph, were, at their instigation, made the scenes of disgraceful tumult. Chairs were broken and the preachers interrupted. At Nancy Monsignor Turinaz dwelt in his sermon on the condition of the working classes, and the occasion was seized for creating a disturbance. At Beauvais a sermon on the innocuous theme of Sunday observance was greeted with a like result. The clergy had indeed good ground for complaint; but the government of the day, too weak, as they were, to offend the Radicals, threw all the blame on the clergy, and threatened to close the churches if such scenes occurred again. There was once more an anti-clerical

triumph of at least a temporary kind.

Such was the position of affairs when a most unfortunate incident happened, unimportant in itself, but productive of very serious consequences. A number of French pilgrims in Rome visited the Pantheon, and in the visitors' book wrote words which were construed as insulting to the memory of Victor Emmanuel, the first King of Italy. So true is it that chance plays the chief part in the destinies of nations. The embittered relations at that time existing between Italy and France gave a factitious importance to a foolish freak, and something like a riot was produced in the streets of Rome. Representations were of course made by the Quirinal at the Quai d'Orsay, and M. Fallières, the Minister of Public Worship, in consequence requested the bishops to abstain for the future from going to Rome without permission. This was the signal for the renewal of the conflict between Church and State, and rarely, if ever, was it marked with greater violence. The Archbishop of Aix wrote to M. Fallières to announce his intention to refuse to obey him, and strongly condemned his interference with the liberties of the Church. Such rebellious conduct was more than the civil power could be expected to endure, and all France was scandalised by the sight of an archbishop standing in a criminal dock in the Court of Appeal. He was fined in the sum of three thousand francs; and the ferment of the nation may be gauged by the subscription made for him at the call of the proprietor of the *Figaro*. At once the floodgates of strife were opened, and the actions of the clergy subjected to a critical and jealous scrutiny. The Bishop of Mende issued a pastoral letter to the clergy and the faithful of his diocese on the approaching municipal elections, and expressed his approval of an anonymous pamphlet on neutral schools. On April 26th, 1892, his conduct was declared by the Council of State an

abuse of his powers, and the payment of his salary was promptly suspended. On May 5th the Archbishop of Avignon and his four suffragans were by the same council deprived of their salaries for a pastoral letter drawn up in common and declared an abuse, and Monsignor Turinaz, Bishop of Nancy, met with a similar fate. On June 1st the Archbishop of Aix was similarly treated. Thus within six weeks two archbishops and six bishops were condemned for abuse of their powers to the extreme penalty of suspension of salaries. . It was a state of things without precedent, and was hailed by the Radicals with joyful acclamations. Obscure clergymen had before been thus treated, but their condemnation had attracted little notice. But when eight wearers of the mitre were almost contemporaneously subjected to suspension, a crisis was evidently at hand, and a widespread excitement was at once produced. The Radicals welcomed it as a brilliant stroke. Such a holocaust of prelates had never before been witnessed. The Catholics on their side were up in arms, and defended their bishops as best they might. The very legality of the proceedings was called in question, and eminent lawyers ransacked the archives for precedents on the case. The government could only defend the suspensions on the flimsy plea that they were *actes de gouvernement*, that is to say, purely arbitrary proceedings which were said to derive their sanction from the will of the majority of the people who elected the Chamber. Such a policy was a policy of numbers pure and simple; and it was conclusively shown that suspension of salaries was a punishment which might indeed sometimes be legally inflicted, but only upon grounds which in the cases of the eight prelates were admittedly absent. Such violent wrenching of the law may be taken as a measure of the bitterness of the strife.

The excitement produced by these painful events had barely subsided, when a momentous decree was launched

from the Vatican. This was no less than a command to the Catholics of France to give in their adherence to the Republic. It burst like a bomb in the ranks of the Royalists, and was indeed pregnant with important results, not merely for France, but for the world. Coming close as it did after the *Encyclical*, it emphasised the lengths to which the Pope had advanced. He had already showed democratic sympathies; now he proclaimed himself the friend of Republicans also. It was a departure from the traditional policy of the Holy See enough to make Gregory XVI. and Pius IX. turn in their graves. It was putting in practice a right always maintained, but slenderly exercised, and sometimes, indeed, under pressure disowned, on the part of the Vatican to interfere with the domestic affairs of a foreign State. To the Catholics it was of course a staggering blow. Sworn foes to the Republic, which had shown them little mercy, and which they had spent their lives in opposing, they found themselves suddenly commanded to espouse it. It was a distracting dilemma that was put before them; they must either sacrifice the convictions of a lifetime, or refuse obedience to the Vicar of Christ. It was a time that tried men's souls. What were the motives of the Pope to this day remains doubtful. Was it with the object of buying from the Republic less stringent measures towards the prelates and pastors of France? It is more probable that he was pursuing the phantom of the temporal power, "that baseless fabric of a vision" that bids fair to lure him to destruction. The acknowledgment of the French Republic would, he must have argued, encourage the Republicans of Italy, and secure him invaluable assistance if the Triple Alliance, the present barrier to his hopes, should become involved in war. But whatever the motive, the fact remains. It shattered the Royalists to pieces. And the blow was the heavier, because they had lately been making more strenuous efforts than ever to propagate their

views, and put themselves more in touch with the people. Pamphlets and leaflets had been disseminated broadcast, and orators mounted platforms in every town and every village. M. Bocher, the leading representative of the Comte de Paris, had resigned his position, and had been replaced by the Comte d'Haussonville, a man who pushed the cause with more than usual zeal. The religious section had formed a new association, the Union de la France Chrétienne, under the patronage of the Comte de Mun and other prominent Royalists, with the express object of combating the Republican sentiments which had been openly expressed by such eminent churchmen as Cardinal Lavigerie and the Bishop of Grenoble. The Cardinal, indeed, an impetuous churchman of the militant type, had probably in this, as in other matters, exercised a paramount influence over the mind of the Pope. The shock to the Royalists was undoubtedly severe, and it is not to be wondered at if some should have been found recalcitrant. And that such was the fact is put beyond question by the fact that, in a brief quite lately addressed to the Bishop of Orleans, the Pope has at length expressed his displeasure with those who hesitated to obey him.

Whether the new policy of the Pope will effect the objects which were probably intended, is, to say the least of it, very questionable. The moral teaching of the Encyclical on labour may possibly sow good seed; but its maxims will oftener remain mere counsels of perfection. Where the Sermon on the Mount has failed, a Papal encyclical is hardly likely to succeed. Its first result was to kindle anew the fires of strife which were beginning to smoulder. The Radicals were goaded to fury, and the word went forth to denounce clericalism and persecute the Church. Anti-clerical declaimers and blatant demagogues made the most of every workmen's meeting. In the face of all this the Encyclical was, to use Defoe's emphatic words, "as preaching the Gospel to a kettle-drum."

Again the Pope commended to the working-classes the principle of association, especially as worked out in what are known in France as sociétés de patronage and syndicats mixtes. But the associative spirit in France needs restraint rather than encouragement. The trade-union in France is a thing of very recent growth. The Revolution destroyed all guilds and corporate bodies. Individualism was almost worshipped as a god, and as a jealous one too, who would brook no competitor. By a law of 1791 all associations for an alleged common interest were actually forbidden; and this may perhaps account for the fact that the French have shown much more disposition to rely on State support than the English, and less power of private initiative. At all events, the law of 1791 remained in force until Napoleon III. and his minister Emile Ollivier got it repealed. But even they were taunted with Socialism, and the Comte de Paris, for recommending the creation of trade-unions, was deemed little better than an amiable dreamer. Once introduced however they grew rapidly, and, as we might expect in France, soon became powerful, and even dangerous bodies. Nowhere is their tyranny more supreme; nowhere are they able to obtain such support from the State. The recent strike of the miners of Carmaux is a case in point. The Premier himself, M. Loubet, was forced to arbitrate, and his award was so favourable to the men as to include the liberation and reinstalment of riotors convicted under the ordinary law. The Encyclical in France was probably powerless for good, if not actually mischievous. It gave encouragement where none was needed; and the Socialist party, who make their allies wherever they can get them, with a frank cynicism avowed their intention to make the Pope their tool, if they could, and to twist the Encyclical to their own purpose.

The command to the faithful to adhere to the Republic stands on a somewhat different footing. That it

caused much heart-burning is at least certain. That it will cause the Republic to adopt a milder policy towards the Church, or bring the restoration of the temporal power one inch within the range of practical politics, is not certain at all. It was a great triumph indeed for the Republic, which is gradually dispersing all its foes. One by one they have fallen. The death of the Prince Imperial gave the last blow to the Napoleonic legend: Boulanger rose, and as rapidly fell; and then the Royalists were commanded to adhere. Yet at this very moment the Republic is not free from danger. It is but a thin plank that always seems to separate France from revolution, and that plank now and then shows ominous signs of cracking. The extreme Radical and Socialist party have been of late remarkably active. M. Clémenceau, the leader of the former, and his lieutenants have openly bid for the support of the latter, and have taken an active part in backing the monstrous demands of the miners at Carmaux. The Government on their part have shown deplorable weakness. They released Culine, the ringleader of the riot at Fourmies, and made many concessions to the strikers at Carmaux. The red flag was waved and the Carmagnole sung in open day without interference. At Roubaix a Socialist was recently elected maire d'arrondissement over the head of the government candidate. The horrible explosions at the Café Véry and the Rue des Bons Enfants have moreover produced a widespread feeling of dismay and distrust. These outrages shatter not merely walls and ceilings, but governments and ministries also. A

few more of them may shatter the Republic itself. The peasantry and bourgeoisie are a numerous and powerful class, and are fearful for their small properties; if once thoroughly alarmed, they might, if a capable candidate appeared, upset the Republic which has failed to protect them, and which many of them rather tolerate than love. The amazing rise of General Boulanger showed conclusively how little the Republic is rooted in the affection of the people. But as Thiers said, it is the form of government that divides Frenchmen least, and that is why it stands so long. The French are very suspicious of their rulers, and such events as the scandals about the decorations and the Panama Canal produce a sense of impatient disgust. The peasantry have before now said, "There must be a master," and they may say it again. They would prefer a Dictator to a venal Republic. Even now the hour has almost struck, but the man apparently is not forthcoming. The fall of the Republic cannot be called a probable event, but in France the improbable frequently happens. It would be a singular comment on the Pope's latest policy. It would perfectly demonstrate, as nothing else could, the absolute futility of his interference in secular matters; and it would teach more plainly than ever the lesson that the functions of the Papacy lie wholly within the spiritual world; and that outside that world the voice of the Vatican may be as vain as the sound of the wind in the tree-tops.

C. B. ROYLANCE-KENT.

A NAMELESS HERO.

I.

THEY were both old soldiers, as the Northern Pacific Station, which they served, had been built for the use of Fort Fletcher, two miles away across the prairie, and they had been appointed at the request of the commanding officer.

The snow had begun to fall before they went to bed, but the thermometer stood at a degree which was most satisfactory to men who possessed a limited supply of fuel, and an uncertain prospect of getting more. There had been no wind, and the telegraph-operator told] the station-master, while they swallowed their nightly grog, that so mild a snow could not prevent the arrival of the morning train,—an arrival of serious importance to them, as the Company provisioned its smaller posts from week to week (not over-liberally), and their next rations were due. To which assertion the station-master, being a man of much longer experience in Montana, and perhaps consequently inclined to pessimistic views, had answered that he was not clever at guessing conundrums.

Val (the telegraph operator's name was Valentine, but the North-West has no time for polysyllables) Val woke first, as he slept lightly from the habit of rousing at any call of his machine. A blast that seemed blown by old Boreas himself was shaking the frail frame building, the ill-fitting windows were rattling, and the brisk draught drove the ashes of a burnt-out fire through the open damper of the stove as he lit a match to discover how long it would be until dawn. His watch had just shown him that it was past four o'clock, when a crash, which sounded exactly over his head,

caused him instinctively to dodge among his pillows. There was no plaster to be scattered in that pine-ceiled room, and, when the clatter was presently merged in the roar of the wind, he decided that the roof was still safe though the chimney must have fallen.

He knocked on the partition between his bed and that of the station-master. "Brown! Are you asleep?" he cried.

"Why don't you ask if I'm dead?"

"This is a blizzard, I guess."

"You are a clever guesser!"

Val laughed. In spite of having lost a leg in his first Indian campaign, and of the suffering and change of career the loss had entailed, he still possessed a light heart and a rather heedless humour, the gift of his youth and his Irish blood. "I bet I have a holiday!" he called presently, as the house shivered in another fierce embrace of the storm. "The telegraph-poles will be down if this lasts all day!"

"All day!" echoed the other gloomily. "I'm not worrying about telegraph-poles, but about how long the next train will be blocked. There ain't nothing to eat in this shebang except a can of corned beef, half a loaf of bread, and part of a box of crackers!"

Val began to whistle, until realizing that to be an ineffectual method of expressing disagreeable surprise amid such superior efforts from the wind, he shouted cheerfully, "We shall have less time to be hungry the more we sleep!" and, drawing the blankets over his ears, he applied himself to seeking his remedy with an assiduity which promptly earned its reward.

The tardy daylight was creeping in

through the many chinks of the shutters, when he awoke. If he had ever been at sea, he would have compared the atmosphere of sound with which he was surrounded to a gale in the rigging; but he possessed no measure of comparison in his experience, for though he had known something of blizzards during a previous winter in Montana, he had at that time been roofed and walled within the stalwart defences of Fort Fletcher, —a very different construction from the flimsy shanty which was his present shelter.

Brown entered as he was lifting the window sash preparatory to unbarring the shutter. "Hold on!" he cried. "Do you want to let the damned thing inside?"

"Do you mean the blizzard?" Val gasped, breathless with even his half a moment's struggle.

"I mean the balmy breeze that has been toying with your curls!" the other answered with a grim grin, as Val dashed the snow out of his eyes and hair. "Crackers and whisky for breakfast, when you have put on your warmest clothes," he added as he returned to the living room. "I daren't make a fire, even enough for a cup of coffee, with the top of the chimney gone!"

II.

Through that long day the men kept close within the little room whose chill dimness was only relieved by the kerosine lamp beside which they warmed their cold fingers. During the forenoon they had burned two lamps, but as three o'clock struck, with rather an increase than an abatement of the storm, Brown extinguished one.

"Why?" asked Val.

"We are low down in our supply, and I would rather have little light than no light in this Bedlam."

"Do you think it will blow much longer?"

"I've known some of its kin that

have howled and hooted for near upon a week."

Val grasped his crutch and strode to the door, but the other interposed his burly figure, with unwonted agility.

"Come, come, lad! This is too early in the business to lose your wits!" he exclaimed with a grip that was like a kindly vice.

Fletcher is only two miles——"

"Which means too far!" Brown interrupted, punning with a cheery atrocity that deserved respect in the circumstances. "Too far for my pair of legs, and all the arithmetic beyond your one. See here, youngster, we will have a game of cards and,—and it ain't against my conscience to play for quarters, if that will keep your spirits up!"

The concession meant much from this old "blue light," under whose rule, as corporal in barracks and as master in the station, cards, except for the "rigour of the game," were forbidden as a snare of Satan; but it was one which Val, feeling both his endurance and his magnanimity appealed to, would not accept. They compromised presently upon a harmless rubber of whist with double dummies, which agreeably diversified such reading as was possible in a library that consisted of Brown's bible, a volume on company-drill, and Val's well-thumbed telegraphic manual.

"Chaps have been frozen stiff between their house and their barn when they have gone to tend their cattle in just such a maze of snow as this," the elder man said after a time, while he shuffled for a new deal. "Nothing but prairie creatures can live in a blizzard; and, when the Lord withdraws the scourge from us, there will be many a poor beast of a buffalo and prairie-dog—— What's that?"

That was a new sound, distinct amid the shrieks of the storm and the cracking of the house-timbers from intense cold. It was a low cry, very near to have reached them through

such a tumult of sound, a cry which both men knew instinctively was not uttered by any storm-driven animal.

Val sprang upright, forgetting his crutch, and, as he dropped helplessly back, Brown hurriedly carried the lamp into the telegraph-office, whence a broad beam of light fell across the larger room, and where the onslaught of the wind, which would follow the opening of the door, might possibly not extinguish it. "Now, Val," he cried, "sit here behind the door, and push against it when I undo the bolts; so, if we are lucky, it will not be blown from its hinges. Ah——!"

The door escaped from his hold with a violence which just failed to upset Val, whose muscular frame was well braced, while Brown fell on his knees in unwilling homage to the majesty of the hurricane which rushed upon them, flinging before it the body of a man who pitched forward beyond the threshold and lay motionless.

Brown leapt to Val's side, and the next moment the two stood panting, with their backs against the closed door, gazing at the prostrate figure. Val moved first, and, kneeling, turned the heavy shoulders and head to look down into a deathlike face. He had seen men die in that Indian fight which had marred his own life, but death had not then smitten him with the compassion which its image now stirred in his heart. "He is dead!" he gasped.

"I guess not," the other answered, lifting one of the clenched, icy hands. "And if he is, youngster, you and I ain't so much better off that you need look so desperate pitiful." But he looked pitiful enough himself, in spite of his roughness, as, finding no pulse, he began to open the fur coat and inner garments. "Bring the whisky!" he muttered presently, as his fingers found the faint beating heart for which he was searching. "Cheer up, Val! He's alive, and we will not let King Blizzard have him this time!"

It was after a long half hour of vigorous rubbing, and many a lamen-

tation on the absence of fire, hot flannels, and nearly all the necessaries for resuscitation, that the stranger stirred, sighed, and opened his eyes. Very big and black and bewildered they stared up out of his white face; and the first gleam that came into them was not of thankfulness but of defiance, as one shaking hand fumbled at his belt.

"I've taken them away," Brown answered that look and gesture with a grin of mingled pity and amusement. "You will not want your pistols with us, my poor chap, though you will need pretty near everything else, if this blizzard don't better soon!"

"The blizzard?" the stranger whispered, while his eyes grew wistful. "I tried to reach a light. You saved me!"

"Don't you be too thankful yet! We may all three be as bad, or worse, before we can talk about safety," Brown answered grimly. "But we will do the best we can for you, even to another drink of whisky, though there is mighty little left. Then you can tell us your story."

"My story!" the other repeated with a queer twist of his pale lips; and when they had half carried, half propelled him, as far as the only easy chair in the place, he began not to relate but to question.

Men in so threatening a predicament as his hosts are willing enough to expatiate upon its details, and they put the situation very vividly before him without pressing for the history of his adventures. It was some subtle change of expression in his dark eyes, as Val, who had been the chief talker, ceased speaking, which caused Brown to say with a laugh that was not merry: "You don't think you have quite so much to be grateful for as you did a while ago?"

"That you are willing to make privation more entire, and to bring starvation nearer for my sake, does not appear to me a reason for ingratitude," the stranger answered with a smile, which, swiftly as it passed,

warmed the hearts of the others as it went. Then very briefly he told them that he had started on horseback alone from a ranch (which he did not name) just before the snow had begun to fall on the previous night, and that when the wind rose he had been no further from the station than the nearest railway culvert some two hundred yards away. This culvert did not open to the direct sweep of the storm, and for several hours had proved a tolerable shelter for himself and his horse; but at length the animal, impatient with cold and hunger, and frightened by the increasing uproar, had escaped from his hold and made off across the prairie. For a couple of hours longer he had remained, until, realizing that this refuge was becoming a special danger from the accumulation of snow drifted into it by a change in the wind, he had desperately stumbled out upon the open waste; and only after wanderings that seemed endless to his failing strength had he made his way to those lights which, through some shifting eddy of the blizzard, he saw flash from between the chinks of the closed shutters at the station, of whose near neighbourhood he had been ignorant. Who he was he did not tell his hosts, nor did they ask him, as they watched him with a curiosity which the meagreness of his story had by no means satisfied. He shut his eyes as he finished speaking, and lay back in the big armchair with his dark brows drawn together in a frown of pain. That he was a gentleman they both decided with an instinctive glance from his slender though muscular hands to their own stalwart fists; and a gentleman who had failed to find in the west the fortune he had come there to seek, they decided with equally silent unanimity, as they contrasted his well-cut though shabby clothes with their own rough and ready dress.

Histories and mysteries, however, are common enough in Montana, and the hospitality of the prairie is as un-

questioning as that of the desert. Brown rose, brought the solitary can of corned beef and the last half loaf from the cupboard, and, having divided three rigidly equal portions, he carefully put away the remainder, and announced supper. With the quiescence of utter exhaustion their guest accepted his share of the scanty meal, and allowed Brown to help him to bed in his own room.

"Just dead beat!" Val exclaimed as his friend rejoined him. "Lucky that he got a glimpse of the chinks in these shutters,—wonderfully lucky through such a mist of snow!"

"Not much luck for us," Brown replied gloomily.

"Why, what do you think him?"

"That don't concern us while he is frozen and famished. What does concern you and me is, that slim rations for two of us, if this blizzard lasts forty-eight hours, means starvation for three of us inside of thirty-six!"

There was silence,—such silence as made the howling tempest outside sound to Val's thrilling ears like the clamour of wolves eager for their prey. He was hungry, he was cold, he was tired; for an instant he turned sick as he confronted that dark figure at which earth's boldest eyes cannot look undismayed; but youth refuses to recognise despair, even when face to face with it. He held out his hand to Brown with a laugh that was almost natural. "You old Job's comforter!" he cried as they clasped each other's chill fingers. "Such a hurricane as this cannot last much longer. You go to bed for two or three hours, then I'll take my turn, and by breakfast-time there will be such a jolly sun shining that we can eat the whole of our supplies at one meal!"

"Without feeling overfed, anyhow," Brown grumbled; but he agreed to the plan, and between watching and sleeping they got through the night.

III.

The morning broke with less snow falling, but with a wind as high and even more bitter than it had been during the previous twenty-four hours, and with the prophecy of further snow written in the low, leaden clouds at which the men took cautious peeps through a half-open shutter. To attempt to cross the frozen and drifting two miles of chaos between them and Fort Fletcher remained a more obvious and certain danger than to wait where they were.

Breakfast, yet scantier than last night's supper, was quickly disposed of, and then the two who were at home made themselves such occupations as they could find in some small housekeeping. Their guest had managed to rise and dress without help, but he was manifestly, though silently, suffering greatly from yesterday's exposure and the bitter frostiness of the fireless room. When the others resumed their card-playing he rather curtly refused to join in it, and continued to lie in the big chair, wrapped in his fur coat, either sleeping or desiring to appear so.

The slow hungry hours passed, growing slower and hungrier as the transient lessening of the storm vanished in a fresh accession of violence. The clock had struck six when Brown brought out the last of the canned meat and a few biscuits, and bade the quiet figure in the chair to take his share.

"I'm not hungry," was the reply without even the lifting of the heavy eyelids.

"Oh yes, you are," Brown answered roughly. He would do his duty unflinchingly, but the grace to conceal its bitterness was not in him. "The mouthful you ate this morning ain't enough to satisfy any man; let alone that you were famished before!"

"How much food have you in the house?" the stranger asked, sitting upright and looking with imperious keenness at the old soldier.

"As much again for breakfast."

"After that?"

"Not a crumb. The Company provisions us by the week, and the week was out yesterday."

Their guest rose to his feet and buttoned his fur coat, while the others watched him silently; then he lifted his cap from the dresser. "You have fed me and rested me, and I thank you," he said gravely. "But I cannot permit you to share your last crust with me."

"What are you going to do about it?" Brown interrupted, folding his arms on the table beside the untasted supper; sturdy frontiersman as he was, he trembled visibly.

"I am going to see if my luck in finding shelter will be as good to-night as it was last night,—and at less cost to my hosts!" he said smiling as he turned toward the door.

But Val, crutch and all, sprang before him, dashing the cap from his grasp. "Do you take us for murderers?" he cried. "You, who are so weak that you can scarcely stand, how far do you think you could get out there? Sit down again, and if death is coming to us, let us meet it with clear consciences." With which he himself sank on the nearest chair and broke into sudden sobs.

"And my conscience?" murmured the stranger, his glance lingering half wistfully, half doubtfully upon Val's bowed figure. Then a curious light flashed into his eyes. "See here!" he exclaimed with a thrill in his voice that was not altogether emotion, nor yet entirely a sneer. "If your sense of duty will not permit you to send me away, and mine will not allow me to remain, there is yet no need for heroics. Fair play can settle the matter. We will draw lots."

Val lifted his head, Brown rose to his feet, their guest confronted them,—those brilliant eyes of his questioning their souls.

"This blizzard may last several days longer," he continued with the eagerness which had newly come to him. "There is barely food enough to keep

life in two, certainly not enough to maintain three beyond to-morrow, in such exhausting cold as this. Shall not one die rather than three? And shall not chance decide which one of us?"

"What you say has common sense in it, and the Lord, not chance, will order the lot," Brown answered hoarsely. "But it is only my very last mouthful that I can snatch from another starving man. There are crackers to keep over to-morrow, for two; and we will all eat this bit of supper before we ask the Lord's pleasure for the three of us."

The meal was eaten in silence. Then the stranger tore a couple of leaves from a note-book into various lengths, putting them in a tobacco-pouch which was hung on a corner of the dresser, and from which they agreed that each man should draw a lot in turn according to age. For a moment they paused; Brown and Val pale through their weather tan, the stranger with a faint flush tinging his white face. The three pair of eyes met each other steadfastly. "Let us pray!" cried Brown, and dropped upon his knees; Val followed, and their guest, after an instant's hesitation, bent his dark head.

Was it life that each asked in silence of his God? Or among the three did one soul utter a nobler petition?

Brown rose and thrust a grim fist into the pouch. The slip which he withdrew was so long that there could be no doubt that his lot was to remain. His lips quivered under his grey moustache, but he neither spoke nor glanced at his companions, while the stranger's slender fingers swiftly sought their fate; the slip was much shorter. Then with a hand that shook visibly Val drew forth,—a tiny scrap!—tragically brief, as the future, which had stretched so far before his five and twenty years, was suddenly become!

He sank into a chair beside him gazing up at those two others, from whom a distance, too wide for clear seeing, seemed suddenly to divide him,

and smiled. "It is all right," he heard himself saying with a dim sense of satisfaction that, whatever lamentations were clamouring in his heart, his lips were uttering words which had the semblance of courage in them. "I've a better hope of getting through the snowdrifts to Fletcher than an old man or a sick man, in spite of my game leg." And he grasped his crutch.

"You don't leave this house until daylight," Brown burst out with a snort that badly hid a sob, as he flung a stalwart arm over Val's shoulders.

"Your prospects,—and the weather—may clear before morning," the stranger said, withdrawing a glance which the young fellow felt had sounded the shallows of his cheeriness.

With little more talk they settled themselves for the night, though by tacit agreement nobody went to bed. Brown indeed fidgeted for some time, unbarring a shutter every few minutes for an anxious peep at the chaos outside; thereby admitting gusts of snow and wind most unwelcome in a room whose temperature had been reduced below freezing-point by forty-eight hours of firelessness. But Val presently ended these invasions. "A watched pot never boils, old chap," he exclaimed affectionately, looking up from a letter he had begun to write; and Brown with a grunt seated himself at the other side of the table, and disappeared into the collar of his fur overcoat.

From the big arm-chair, which their guest still occupied, two dark eyes contemplated Val bending over his paper. That letter was a slow business, and chilled fingers and ice in the ink were not its only delays. He was no eloquent scribe this young telegraph-operator, whose despatches had rarely reported more than the movements of trains; and the news he had to tell could not so disguise itself that his own misery, and the heartbreak of her to whom he wrote, would not stare at him from between the lines.

When at length the task was finished, those observant eyes saw him

raise his head and listen to the shrieking of the storm, which must have sounded as his own sentence of doom, for there was no hint of lessening in it. He took his crutch hurriedly and made a couple of steps toward one of the windows, then paused with a glance at the quiet figures of his companions. "Best not wake dear old Brown!" he muttered. "My going will be awfully hard for him when the time comes!"

He went back to his chair, lingeringly kissed the letter he had written, and, stretching his arms over the table, laid his head on them. For yet a while longer he stirred occasionally with sighs which his watcher guessed, but at last he lay motionless, asleep, as men, young and strong of nerve and health, have slept the night before a death whose certainty was more hopeless than that for which Val waited.

The tempest outside seemed to grow louder, as the silence inside grew more still. The lamp flickered low; softly the stranger rose, and, lighting another which stood ready, returned as softly to his place.

It was not until the clock of the chimney-piece pointed to five, that he rose again. Slowly he buttoned his fur coat—then paused a moment, looking about the shabby room, and from

the burly figure of Brown to Val outflung across the table. "Not much like apostles, either of them," he murmured. "Nor is this the proper background for the conversion of a sinner. And yet—" There came a light over the worn white face and the haggard dark eyes glorifying them wondrously. "As the old fellow said, —Let us pray!"

Six hours later the blizzard was ended, and before the sun, which had shone radiantly all that afternoon, had sunk in a cloudless west, help had come to the imprisoned men at the station; help that, on its road from Fort Fletcher, had found in a snow-drift, of which his pale coldness seemed a part, the body of the stranger. The young officer in command of the rescue party, gazing down on the still beauty of the face, said gravely: "This is the man the sheriff has been hunting ever since that last shooting row in Zenith City; the 'Grand Duke' they call him, and the most reckless daredevil in Montana." Then half to himself, he muttered, while his fingers went mechanically to his cap, "What a smile the poor chap has,—as though he had won a battle!"

N. M.

THE "STATESMEN" OF CUMBERLAND.

A "STATESMAN" in Cumberland is not necessarily one who has held, or expects to hold, office under a Government; he is not always even a politician, and sometimes has no political opinions of his own worth speaking about. He is a man who lives on, and by, a farm, and the difference between him and other farmers is that they pay rent, and he does not; he farms his own land. Cumberland used to be a great stronghold for such people,—yeomen they would be called in Kent—but it is to be feared that many of them have gone under during this century. They got into difficulties, and borrowed money on their properties, and then, too often, matters became worse instead of better, and they had to sell them. It is a great thing, no doubt, to have no rent to pay; but when a small property gets encumbered, when legacies have to come out of it, and perhaps the interest of a government loan for draining, or the expense of a new house or barn, it is very difficult, in these days especially, to put things right again. And so many statesmen have ceased to be statesmen; some of them now farm the land which used to belong to themselves or their fathers.

However, there is still a good number left, dotted about the countryside, up in the fell districts, and down near the coast. We are writing more especially about these small owners, but what we have to say about them applies almost equally well to the tenant farmers throughout the country, who, as a rule, may be emphatically called a fine and interesting race of men.

The house in which the statesman and his family have their habitation is one which has often seen better

days; the word "hall" is a common addition to the name, and, though this less frequently, "abbey." Farms having the first addition are frequently to be found high up on the fringe of the fell, but not the abbeys. The old monks knew better than to wander up there so long as there was rich pasture to be found down below; you can still see about their ancient homes the sweet grass which tempted them. There was also nearly always a river or tarn close at hand, so that the worthy men should not be tempted to break their vows for want of fish on Fridays and fast-days.

It is easy enough for a stranger, when passing such places to see that they once occupied a more important position in the world than they do now. Even if the house itself tells little, there is sure to be some sign of bygone grandeur outside; lofty gateposts, perhaps with the remains of a coat-of-arms carved on them, or long regular terraces. The gate may only let you into the stack-yard, and the terraces afford room for ricks of hay; but there they stand, somewhat pathetic witnesses of better days.

Many of the farm-houses are extremely old. A great pile of buildings dating from the time of Queen Elizabeth carries a natural interest with it; and yet perhaps it appeals still more to our sympathies to be told that the small grey homesteads have stood there, looking out on to the fells, for three hundred years or more. In the comfortable kitchen of such a house furniture of the oldest and blackest oak is not uncommon. Much of it is perfectly plain, and owes its beauty to the pelish which age and attention have given it; but here and there are to be found cabinets, chests, and cupboards, elaborately carved,

which would make a collector's eye glisten. A few years ago there was a much larger store of antique goods to be seen, but when such things became the fashion for gentlefolks dealers hunted through the district and picked up a great deal at very inadequate prices. To be told that a man would give a brand-new oak wardrobe for an old one, and perhaps a table and a few chairs into the bargain, was an offer which many a thrifty, and as yet unsuspecting, housewife could not bring herself to refuse. She is wiser now, however, and the dealer will make his seductive offers in vain. In such a kitchen you will often see three generations together which for strength, fine physique, and comeliness, may have their equals, but hardly their superiors anywhere.

In the biography of Dr. Norman MacLeod there is an amusing account given of a visit he paid to one of the Western Islands, to see a man who was celebrated in the district for his great age. The Doctor found an old man (we can only quote from memory) sitting on a bench outside the house, and gave him the usual greeting: "I heard that you were a very wonderful old man, and I've come to see you." "It'll be my faither you want to see," said the old man of the bench. So the visitor went inside, and there, sitting over the peats, was a very remarkably old man indeed; bent, and doubled up, but still for all that with all his wits about him. "Good-day to you," said the good Doctor; "I have heard about you, a very wonderful old man, and I've come to see you." Then he too declined the imputation, and pointed with his stick to the "ben" of the house. "It'll be my faither you want to see," said this old man of the fireside. So there, in the ben, the original Simon Pure was discovered at last, a very, very ancient old man indeed, as may well be imagined.

It is not at all an uncommon thing here to find the three generations, or four for the matter of that, all living

together under the same roof; for many districts are famous for longevity, and it may be almost said of them, as it is said of the inhabitants of a parish in Hampshire, "Here they never die, and there only when they like." The life of such folk is conducive to long years; up early, busy all day, soon to bed, with plain wholesome food and the finest air in the world, it would be a wonder and a shame if they did not live long. That the midden is close outside, in full view of the window often, does not seem to do much harm; there are probably no drains, and this is a much safer and more satisfactory plan than trusting to an elaborate sanitary system, which is always going wrong without any one knowing anything about it.

Cumberland dalesmen are renowned for their strength and stature all over the world. We fancy that if the cruel prince of the old fairy-tales were to say to the man who wanted to marry his daughter and have half the kingdom (the two things which used to go together then), "You shall have neither the one nor the other till you can produce twelve men bigger and stronger than the twelve men who work in my garden," the wooer could not do better than hie away to this north-west county and have a look at its inhabitants on a market-day.

Wrestling is the great sport of the county, though the rage for football is interfering with its popularity a little now; cricket never found a very kindly home in it somehow, perhaps because in many parts it was not easy to find a level place to play on. And nowhere in the wide world will you find such keen sportsmen as you will here, or such real genuine enthusiasm for everything that pertains to hounds. The man who hunts with a crack pack in the midlands pays a good deal of attention not only to his horse and its needs, but to himself; and probably there are many men, riding habitually in the first flight, who would prefer an indifferent day's sport, provided they were in

every way suitably equipped, rather than a real steeple-chase, if they had to ride it in badly-fitting boots and breeches and an old-fashioned coat. Nothing of this sort disturbs the people who run with the fell-hounds; the clothes they hunt in they wore yesterday when busy among the sheep, and will wear to-morrow when ploughing the stubble. There is only one pack of foxhounds which can be followed on horseback, and its meets are chiefly in the low country, where it shows fine sport with the wild strong foxes. Then there are two or three packs which work on a less elaborate scale, confining their operations almost entirely to the high ground which is impassable to riders. Scott drew a spirited picture of a hill hunt in *Guy Mannering*, and what he described may be seen now every winter in pretty much the same fashion. The children hunt when they get a chance, the girls as well as boys. We were once much struck by the determination of the daughter of such a farmer as we have described, who was running after the hounds. The country was a big and awkward one; huge high banks, guarded on both sides by deep brambly ditches; a place much affected in October by "brummelkiters," as gatherers of blackberries are called. This maid was clad in black torn stockings, a very short dress, and an immense sun-bonnet; and such was her keenness and enthusiasm, and so great the prowess in her small legs, that she put every one else to shame. To tumble right out of sight among the brambles, to reappear from them, to swarm up the bank, with a squelch into the ditch on the farthest side, was with her an operation which took less time to perform than it takes us to write about it. Indeed, — the hounds were harriers, and there were a few horsemen out—that flapping bonnet must have seemed to some like the oriflamme of Henry of Navarre; it was always in the van.

But it is not only foxes and hares

which are hunted in Cumberland, there are several packs of otter-hounds, and there are, or used to be, dogs devoted to the chase of the "foumart," or "foumet" as he is generally called. These were hunts indeed! A dozen or so of enthusiastic sportsmen would meet together, very early in the morning, to pursue this animal. They used often to pursue him all day, and at nightfall find themselves apparently as far from the tail of the little beast as they were when they started, and much farther from their homes. Then they would put a stone on the last track they could find, and betake themselves to the nearest inn or farmhouse; or failing such a refuge, just lay themselves down and keep as warm as they could in the heather or long grass. It behoved the foumet-hunter to be of a hardy nature, to be a despiser of luxuries when he could not attain to them. By break of day they and their dogs would be on the trail again, and if they were fortunate they might run into their quarry that afternoon, maybe thirty miles from home. Or perhaps the creature was able to get into some fastness he knew of, where he could defy his enemies, and they had to beat their long retreat empty-handed. Such a hunt would be talked about for many years after; when waiting for a find on the fell-side, or sitting round the fire at night, it would be related to a wondering audience, all its turns and twists remembered and pointed out, not, we may be sure, without many a groan at the degeneracy of the present age, when men are lazy and hard to please, and foumets are scarce in the land.

"Were foumets very plentiful in your young days?" we asked a short time ago of an old man, who was a past master in the craft. "Plentiful!" he replied. "Wey, they were that rank that I mind ya winter up in t' fell we hed to steek t' dooar a' day, to keep t' foumets fra' cummin' intil t' kitchin!" We are sorry to say that a man may venture to live in many parts of the fells now, even

with an unbarred door, and be fairly safe in the daytime from these ferocious animals.

The Cumberland farmer is, as a rule, possessed of a considerable fund of what is called dry humour, and the point of what he says is much enhanced by the way he says it. Of course to those who are unfortunate enough not to understand the dialect of the country much of this humour is lost. In writing it down too, much of the subtle flavour, which depends on the look of the speaker and the intonation of his voice, vanishes. A farmer once told a friend of the writer's, speaking of a neighbour with whom he was not on very good terms: "When Joe winks, he lees; and he's winkin' still." The point of this malicious little speech would be quite lost on any one who did not know that the word "still" as used here means "always." But it would need a photograph and a phonograph combined to show properly the pause in the middle of the sentence, the emphasis on the last word, the droll glint in the speaker's eye (the only part of him that laughed) as he looked up to see what his listener thought of the accusation.

"Drigg fowlk were niver a' o' t' seame meynd excep' yance,—and that was when they'd gitten a choorch to build—and than they were ivvery man agean 't!" Whether this statement is a libel on the people of Drigg we know not. It was told of them by one of the dwellers in that district, and the story may surely pass muster with some of the so-called comic sayings which are reported weekly from America; its chief beauty consists in ending in such an entirely different way to that in what most people would expect. It used (some little connection being made to bring it in at an appropriate place) to be often trotted out at election meetings in the county, and it never failed to make the people laugh. Another story, which was also very favourably received on such occasions, has a genuine Cumberland

flavour about it. A gentleman-farmer, finding himself rather short-handed at hay-time, ordered his gardener out to help build a stack. The worthy man, hating the work and the separation from his proper sphere, had nevertheless to do as he was bid, and in the evening came in to report progress. "Well, how did you get on?" asked his employer. "Nut sae far forrit as we war in t' mwornin'," replied the gardener, delighted in the circumstances at being the bearer of evil tidings. "T' stack's tummelled doon!" The writer was present at some thirty meetings during the 1885 campaign, and this story, which had some recon-dite reference to the constitution of the country and the House of Lords, was quoted at twenty-five of them, and never failed to do its part, and to put people into a good humour.

Sometimes there is a certain grimness about the country folks' humour. An old couple had lived together in matrimony very unhappily for many years. It came about that the wife injured her leg and it was necessary to amputate it. The husband busied himself with his ordinary work about the house while the operation was taking place, and as the doctors were leaving they met him bringing in the cows. He greeted them with, "Weel, hev ye gitten her leg off?" "Yes," replied the doctors. "Ah! hang ye!" said he, "ye've begun at t' wrang en'!" Seeing them look bewildered he exclaimed, in a voice which showed how heartily he meant it, "Ah say ye've begun at t' wrang en'; ye sud te'an her heead!" We will finish this small collection of anecdotes by the account of the wicked man who beat his wife. Coming home one night very late, he found her sitting up for him, and began as usual to ill-treat her. The poor woman protested against such usage when she had not said a word to provoke it, and the scoundrel answered, "Nea, thoo sed nowt,—aha kna thoo said nowt,—but thoo's a thinkin' deevil!" We have taken the last three anecdotes, as also

those following, relating to the Church, from a little book called *Cumbriana*, in which there is a fine collection of authenticated stories.

We have always felt a good deal of compassion for a clergyman who, used only to the ways of south-country folk, has to settle down and make the best of it in Cumberland. Not that the people are naturally at all ill-disposed towards the "priest," as a parson always used to be, and is still sometimes, called. But a man who has had to deal with Devon, or Norfolk, or midland parishioners, will find quite a different class here,—a shrewd, most independent and outspoken body, whom a stranger may lead perhaps after a bit, but whom he certainly will not be able to drive. Till quite late years the priest was, in many of the most remote dales, a man but little higher than the peasant. Perhaps there may have been in other counties more curious specimens of clergymen than those which flourished in Cumberland till well on in this century, but if so, they must have been very original specimens indeed. It is only fifty years since the Reverend John Marshall died, a man much respected by his parishioners. For sixty-five years he lived at Ireby, on a stipend of £25, eking it out by carting coals from the collieries near to Keswick. It is only twenty years since old Mr. Sewell of Troutbeck died, whom the Bishop of Carlisle, Dr. Villiers, once went in search of, and found up among the hills, salving sheep; and to those who know what salving is, this means a good deal. Long after the beginning of this century the dress of a parish priest is thus described: "A drab fustian coat, corduroy knee-breeches, grey stockings of the coarsest yarn, clogs, or caulked shoes, stuffed with dry bracken, and a brown hat." The parsons used to go to wrestling matches, and exhibit their prowess there; they used to sit and booze with their parishioners in the public house; they used to cut peats for hire; they were farmers, and dealt largely in

stock; in one well-known instance of late years a rector used to turn the black trousers of respectability inside out for the nonce, so as to examine the sheep in the pens without doing any harm to the garments. They used to drive home their stock themselves, and think little of a journey of twenty or thirty miles. One aristocratic old rector, whom we used to meet some sixteen years ago, at one period of his life would literally hunt his congregation into church, and thought little of striking an errant parishioner with a stick, a good heavy stick too, which he carried with him. Many of the livings are very small still, and the late Bishop of Carlisle (alas, that we should have to use the adjective!) used sometimes to have no little difficulty in getting suitable clergymen for them. We knew one poor parson who had a very tiny living and a church in proportion; during a great part of the summer and autumn he depended on fishing for (we may fairly say it) his daily bread. So it is little wonder that the country folk, who had been accustomed for many generations to homely priests, men very much like themselves, looked with an amused, and a not unscrupulous wonder at spruce rectors and curates of High Church proclivities, who dressed smartly, and, speaking only a southern dialect, did not understand pure English; who were ignorant, for example, that a "snifter" was a bit of a shower, or that a "scrapple" was a coal-rake. But if the parson is a man of the right stamp, if he has nothing of the prig in him, and is not too eager to thrust his own ideas on his parishioners, and can make allowance for old customs and ways, he will soon find them ready and anxious to be friends with him.

One of the great sports in the county used to be cock-fighting. We say "used to be," as the law keeps a sharp look-out now after such forbidden pleasure; but the game has not died out altogether, and if the

writer wanted a cock trained he would know pretty well where to get a skilful man ready to undertake the job. We have never been able to understand why the law which allows rabbit-coursing forbids cock-fighting. The cock is a pugnacious bird, never so happy as when he is in a row; the splendid condition in which he was kept has passed into a proverb, and when he died, he died, as a rule, instantaneously and without fear. It is far otherwise with the other amusement. What chance has a poor rabbit, suddenly let loose, all cramped from his hamper into a blaze of light, on to strange ground, with a howling mob all round him and two fierce dogs tearing behind? In many places where this species of sport is carried on not one single rabbit gets away; all are killed. If it be said that it was the betting and drinking and so on which were objectionable features when fighting a main of cocks, just the same may be said of rabbit-coursing now. It is a cruel and degrading amusement; if we had the power we would scratch out the line in the Statute Book which forbids cock-fighting, and make rabbit-coursing illegal in its place.

A market-day, or a hiring-fair, is the place to see the bone and muscle and the beauty of Cumberland. We have said something of the former, and of the latter what *can* we say? Who will believe a Cumberland man is impartial when speaking of the comeliness of Cumberland wives and daughters? The matter is perhaps capable of proof; let one who has hitherto hugged himself in the delusion that the fairest specimens of womankind come from Devon or Yorkshire, from Suffolk or Hertfordshire, or from any county to which he belongs, let such an one take his stand in the main street of Keswick or Cockermouth on a hiring-day, and look at the people who have come in from the fells and dales round about; and if he does not acknowledge, after a couple of hours' observation, that

he has seen a larger number of fine, straight, tall, good-looking women than he would meet with anywhere else,—if he did not readily acknowledge this, then we would say that he was no judge at all of female beauty, and ought to be ashamed of himself for pretending to be one; we would gibbet him as an incompetent Paris, unfit to be trusted with any apple.

The tall slips of girls grow up to be tall, though anything but slips of housewives. "Oor measter" is the title which is commonly given to the farmer, both by his servants and his wife; but the term is used quite in a colloquial or Pickwickian sense by the mistress, who, as a rule, exercises complete sway in her department, and has been known even, now and then, to trench on his. A large, well-conducted farm-house is a bustling place any time between five in the morning and three or four in the afternoon. During all these hours stout bare-armed lasses, in the shortest gowns, have been running about here and there at the call of the mistress,—one who must emphatically be obeyed; her loud voice has sounded everywhere, up stairs and down, but by four o'clock or so work is pretty well through, and things have been redded up. And now comes the time when, if you are a hungry sportsman, or a traveller lost in the mist, or any fairly respectable wanderer, you had better aim for a farm-house, and try and make yourself pleasant to the dame who presides over it. Never mind the "measter"; he will come in later, bringing in with him, honest man, a pleasant whiff of tar or sheep; the one to be friendly with at such an hour is his better half. Many and many a good tea have we had in such a kitchen after shooting or canvassing. Nowhere in the world will you get such good things as you get here; such well-buttered and blazing-hot toast, such thick cream, such fragrant flat apple-cakes, such brown bread, or such fine-flavoured honey; that grown

on Hymettus, or Mount Hybla, or in the great linden woods of Middle Germany, is but poor stuff compared with what is gathered off the thyme and heather by these moorland bees.

A great deal of the success of a farmer depends here, as everywhere, on his wife, and there is a quaint old saying among agriculturists to this effect, which only a foolish delicacy prevents us from quoting. Her chief anxiety with a straight-going capable man are perhaps market-days. Hard drinking is not uncommon in the county. In these northern regions old habits and customs remained longer, and were more difficult to displace, than in the more accessible parts. The Squire Osbaldistones and the Justice Inglewoods drank deeper and farther on in the century than they did in the south; there was no disgrace attached to what was thought a manly custom. There is little disgrace attached to it now. Many farmers take a good "whack" on market-days, and think themselves the better for it; and though teetotallers form a fairly numerous body in the county it will be some time before they are in the majority. It is a common thing on a market-day to see a smartly-dressed, good-looking girl guiding the reluctant and somewhat flabby legs of a young man, her brother or sweetheart, to the station. She will be angry with him for preferring his beer to herself, and disgusted at having to drag a vacant, senseless "oaf" about with her; but she will hardly be ashamed. The youth will be all right in the morning, and he will then, let us hope, get a proper "dressing" from his mistress for giving her so much trouble. The amount of drink which some men can take without appearing to do themselves any harm is marvellous. We know an old man (a very old man he is now) who has been all his life a great sportsman. He delights in relating the history of runs which took place fifty or sixty years ago; runs in which he apparently always played

the most prominent part, tailing the otter, or viewing the fox, or smelling the fougnet, invariably just at the right moment. He would be a shocking example to set up on a temperance platform, for he has taken too much of beer or whisky or rum, probably too much of all three, every single week during all those fifty or sixty years; to say nothing of trying to kill himself by lying out at nights in ditches or on the fell, or living in soaking clothes for a week together, when out on a sporting expedition; and he is still as hale an old patriarch as you would wish to see. The cases of drunkenness which come up before the magistrates are chiefly from the miner or collier class, or from the great ironworks; the farmer rarely appears there. These other men contribute largely to the revenue. They know pretty well what their fate will be, and generally have the money ready; "Fifteen shillings and costs, or fourteen days' imprisonment in Carlisle Gaol." Yet it must pinch some of them terribly to pay. "Sum on ye run up," we heard one of these victims sing out the other day, "and tell my mistress to fetch the purse," as if he had a whole army of servants to do his bidding. When the wife came it was not pleasant to watch her face, as she looked first at her husband and then at the policeman who proffered the charge.

About courting, which goes on we believe in all counties, we say nothing, save that in the rural parts it is carried on in a primitive old-world fashion which must be very charming to those engaged in it.

The people are very outspoken, and take little trouble to pick or choose their words. A question is often answered in a curiously argumentative way, which sounds more formidable *visà voce* than it does on paper. "Ista gaan ower t' fell?" "Nay, ah isn't!" as if it were to say, "So don't ask me *that* again!" Or to the coaxing, "Will te like me a laal bit?" "Nay, ah *willn't*," as if it were to say, "And

if you come any nearer I'll smack your face!" But then there is also the hearty affirmative, pleasant to hear: "Will you do this for me?" "Ah will, howivver!" answering to the Scotch, "I will that!"

When a man is ill (we are speaking now more of the labouring class than the farmers) he will not get much encouragement from his visitors. "Aye, he's verra badly," or "He's gittin' waker," will often be said in the presence of the sick person. The living man will sometimes take great interest in the arrangements for his funeral, down even to minute details as to what shall be eaten at the burial feast. An old servant of the writer's father was told by his wife as he lay a-dying that there would be great difficulty in getting his coffin out of the little closet in which he lay, owing to the scanty room. The old man (he was over ninety) managed to crawl out of bed, carefully measured the width of the passage and narrow staircase, and then (knowing his own dimensions) went cheerfully back to bed to die: there was room. A friend, telling us the other day about the sickness which had been in the parish, said in conclusion, "Aye, there's been a lock on us gay pinch'd

to keep oot o' t' choorch-yard this winter."

A short time ago we heard an old fellow give the following greeting to a man who had lost his father on the previous day, "What, thoo's gitten shot o' t' oal man at last!" To a stranger such would seem but a brutal bit of condolence to offer to a sorrowing son; but the son took the remark in the spirit in which it was offered; it did not seem strange to him.

And now we must take leave of our Cumberland farmer, without having said half as much about him as we should have liked. We would not wish to deceive any one: the county is not yet a paradise; there are some bad and evil-disposed people in it; now and then you come across a man who is not a model of symmetry; while it is possible (though here we speak guardedly) that a careful observer might spy somewhere a maiden who was not ideally beautiful. But we wish long life to the "statesman," and success to his hard, patient work. With a tolerable experience of his kind in many parts of the kingdom, north and south, east and west, we have not yet come across his better.

BURNS AT KIRKOSWALD.

ALTHOUGH the number of Burns's published letters reaches the goodly total of between three and four hundred, there is one period in his life unrepresented by a single specimen; a period too of exceptional interest, as it may be said to have marked the articulate birth of his poetic genius. I refer to the time immediately following his summer sojourn at the "smuggling village" of Kirkoswald, in his eighteenth year. He went to Kirkoswald, as he has told us in his fragment of autobiography, to attend a noted school there, and to learn something of mensuration, surveying, dialling, &c., studies incontinently interrupted, as it happened, by the discovery of a fair charmer in the garden contiguous to the school-house. On leaving Kirkoswald, he engaged several of his schoolfellows to keep up a literary correspondence with him; and he carried this whim so far, he says, "that though I had not three farthings' worth of business in the world, yet almost every post brought me as many letters as if I had been a broad plodding son of day-book and ledger." Every scrap of his voluminous correspondence has been lost, although he kept copies of such of his own letters as pleased him. Not even the industry of Mr. Scott Douglas, who has crowned the labours of all previous collectors and annotators of Burns with his six portly volumes, has succeeded in finding a trace of it. But some time ago there came into my possession a letter, addressed to one of the aforesaid schoolfellows, which may perhaps be regarded as a belated number of the series, and which in any case is interesting as an example of the poet's early epistolary style. It is dated 1782, six years after the visit to Kirkoswald and is

addressed to Thomas Orr, of Park near that place, a young farmer who was in the poet's confidence with regard to his juvenile love-affair, and who occasionally came over to Lochlie to assist the family. Mr. Douglas has printed two letters to this individual; one an extremely laconic communication from William Burns, the poet's father, relative to the shearing (dated September 8th, 1780), and the other a short letter from the poet himself on the more interesting subject of Miss Peggy Thomson. As the latter is dated November 11th, 1784, it would seem that the "charming fillette," who upset his trigonometry in 1776, had a more enduring hold on his susceptible heart than most of his early loves. In chronological order the following letter immediately succeeds the five letters to Miss Ellison Begbie and the one written by the poet while at Irvine to his father, and therefore ranks among the earliest of his letters extant.

DEAR THOMAS,—I am to blame for not returning you an answer sooner to your kind letter. But such has been the backwardness of our harvest, and so seldom are we at Ayr that I have scarcely had one opportunity of sending a line to you. I was extremely delighted with your letter. I love to see a man who has a mind superior to the world and the world's men, a man who, conscious of his own integrity, and at peace with himself, despises the censures and opinions of the unthinking rabble of mankind. The distinction of a poor man and a rich man is something indeed, but it is nothing to the difference between either a wise man or a fool, or a man of honour and a knave.

What is't to me, a Passenger, God wot,
Whether my vessel be first-rate or not;
The ship itself may make a better figure,
But I who sail am neither less nor bigger.

—POPE.

I have nothing further to say to you but

go on and prosper, and if you miss happiness by enjoyment you will find it by contented resignation. Write me soon and let me know how you are to be disposed of during the winter, and believe me to be ever your sincere friend,

ROBERT BURNS.

LOCHLIE, Nov 17th, 1782.

There can be no doubt about the genuineness of this letter. Apart from the handwriting, which is easily recognisable, it bears the stamp of Burns in every line. But I may as well relate its history. It came into my father's possession, among other papers relating to the poet, about fifty years ago. He was then schoolmaster of the "noted school" of Kirkoswald, and I believe the documents were given to him by the relatives or descendants of Thomas Orr. The packet originally contained two or three of the poet's letters, a letter from his father William Burns, and some scraps of paper with verses written on them. What has become of the other letter (or letters) from Burns I do not know, unless it was returned to the surviving kinsfolk of Thomas Orr in Ayrshire; but the letter from his father is now in the possession of Dr. David Murray of Glasgow.

Any poetical pieces found in association with letters from Burns necessarily excite some lively hopes, for it was the habit of the poet all his life long to send copies of his lyrics to correspondents up and down the country. The verses, however, to which I have referred as being tied up with the letters, are clearly not of that order. They are in the handwriting (presumably) of Thomas Orr, and on one of the leaves appears Thomas Orr's signature. The obvious conclusion is that Orr must have been himself a rhymist, and I would fain have remained satisfied with that conclusion, as my late father did; but there are some considerations which point to the suspicion (if nothing more) that one of the pieces may be a copy, made by Orr, of some juvenile effort of Burns's own muse. Love and poetry were

ever, with him, in the close relationship of cause and effect. All his best lyrics were inspired by one or the other of the numberless goddesses who successively ruled his fickle heart, from sonsie Nelly Kilpatrick downwards. This Nelly Kilpatrick, who helped him to bind sheaves in the harvest-field, was his calf-love, and to her he made his first song, written at the age of fifteen, the one beginning,

O once I loved a bonnie lass.

His first real attachment, however, so far as history relates, was inspired by the charms and accidental proximity of Peggy Thomson at Kirkoswald, and the circumstances of its birth had better be given in his own words: "I went on with a high hand with my geometry, till the sun entered Virgo,—a month which is always a carnival in my bosom—when a charming fillette, who lived next door to the school, overset my trigonometry, and set me off at a tangent from the spheres of my studies. I, however, struggled on with my sines and co-sines for a few days more; but stepping into the garden one charming noon to take the sun's altitude, there I met my angel,—

. . . Like Proserpine gathering flowers,
Herself a fairer flower. . . .

It was vain to think of doing any more good at school. The remaining week I stayed I did nothing but craze the faculties of my soul about her, or steal out to meet her; and the two last nights of my stay in the country, had sleep been a mortal sin, the image of this modest and innocent girl had kept me guiltless." (*Autobiographical Letter to Dr. Moore, 1787.*) Although he "crazed the faculties of his soul" about her, it has not hitherto been supposed that his frenzy bore immediate fruit in verse. The fine song beginning,

Now westlin winds and slaughterin' guns
Bring autumn's pleasant weather,

while, on the poet's own confession, inspired by this nymph of the garden,

and founded on a previous rough draft which may or may not have been contemporaneous with the episode, was not written until the year 1783, at which time he seems to have experienced a revival of his old sentiment for the damsel. In the narrative describing the circumstances of his meeting with Peggy Thomson, it will be observed that she was "like Proserpine gathering flowers, herself a fairer flower," and that he speaks in enthusiastic terms of her "modesty and innocence." It is therefore at least curious that these attributes should give their "note" to the following highly floral verses.

Serene is the morn, the lark leaves his nest
And sings a salute to the dawn,
The sun with a splendour embroiders the east
And brightens the dew on the lawn.

Whilst the sons of debauch to indulgence
give way
And slumber the prime of their hours,
Let us, my dear Stella, the garden survey
And make our remarks on the flowers.

The gay gaudy tulip observe as you walk,
How flaunting the gloss on its vest,
How proud and how stately it stands on
its stalk
In beauty's diversity drest.

From the rose, the carnation, the pink and
the clove,
What odours incessantly spring,—
The south wafts a richer perfume to the
grove
As he brushes the leaves with his wing.

Apart from the rest, in her purple array,
The violet humbly retreats;
In modest concealment she peeps on the
day,
Yet none can excel her in sweets.

So humble, that though with unparalleled
grace
She might e'en a palace adorn,
She oft in a hedge hides her innocent face,
And grows at the foot of a thorn.

So beauty, my fair one, is doubly refined
When modesty brightens her charms,—
When meekness like thine adds a gem to
her mind,
We long to be locked in her arms.

Though Venus herself from her throne
should descend,
And the Graces await at her call,
To thee the gay world would with prefer-
ence bend,
And hail thee the violet of all.

On reading these verses one is at once struck by their directness and simplicity, so different from the prevailing mode of the time. The songs and stanzas to be found in all the miscellanies and poetical keepsakes of popular vogue are stiff with an elaborate embroidery of personified attributes, Chloes, Strephons, Phyllises, and so forth. The writer therefore, whoever he may have been, must have tuned his lyre to the note of nature, an achievement by no means easy before Burns himself showed the way.

An examination of the verses in detail reveals one or two interesting points. In the second stanza we have the desperately prosaic lines,

Let us, my dear Stella, the garden survey,
And make our remarks on the flowers.

Burns's song, "Now westlin winds," as already remarked, was inspired and probably drafted at Kirkoswald, and in it we find a similar thought:

Come, let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature.

Compare also the first stanza above with this from Burns's "Lass of Cessnock Banks," written probably about 1780:

She's sweeter than the morning dawn,
When rising Phœbus first is seen;
And dew-drops twinkle o'er the lawn;
An' she has twa sparkling roguish e'en.

"The Ploughman's Life," given by Cromek as Burns's, begins,

The lav'rock in the morning shall rise from
her nest.

The authenticity of these lines, however, is disputed.

It may be worth remarking that Shenstone's "Rural Elegance" opens with the lines,

While orient skies restore the day,
And dewdrops catch the lucid ray,

which are an ornate and Shenstonian version of

The sun with a splendour embroiders the east

And brightens the dew on the lawn.

And oddly enough, during the summer at Kirkoswald, Shenstone was one of Burns's favourite authors. "I returned home," he says, "very considerably improved. My reading was enlarged by the very important additions of Thomson's and Shenstone's works." To Shenstonian influence might also be ascribed, on the theory that Burns did write these verses, the most un-Burns-like address to "Stella." Burns generally (in his earlier songs invariably) hailed his heroines by their real name, Jean, Peggy, Nannie, Mary, &c., if he named them at all; but the elegant Shenstone would not have thought he was writing poetry unless he rechristened them with names having the sanction of classic usage. That Burns, at this early period, was not above the influence of his masters in verse, is proved by the circumstance that his stanzas, "I dreamed I lay where flowers were springing," the only known poetical product of his year at Kirkoswald, are a close imitation, both in sentiment and expression, of Mrs. Cockburn's "Flowers of the Forest," which appeared in several of the popular collections of songs about that time.

Once more, in the lines of the second verse,

Whilst the sons of debauch to indulgence give way

And slumber the prime of their hours,

we have a touch of local colour which is highly suggestive. Kirkoswald, at the time of the poet's sojourn, was notorious for smuggling and drunkenness, and he has recorded that although, "Scenes of swaggering riot and roaring dissipation were, till this time, new to me. . . . I was no enemy to social life," and, "Here I learnt to fill my glass, and to mix without fear in a drunken squabble." The idea of introducing a reference to drunken de-

bauchery in a set of amatory verses would surely never have occurred to any one unless the debauchery was a very salient and aggressive feature of the neighbourhood.

I offer these suggestions for what they are worth. It is a comparatively easy matter to build up a case by citing resemblances and possible coincidences; but whatever value may be attached to the considerations I have stated, it must not be forgotten that these interesting verses were preserved in company with undoubtedly authentic letters of the poet and his father, that they are in the handwriting and were in the possession of a man who, so far as we know (and Burns's correspondence with him would surely have given some hint of the fact had it been otherwise), was not himself a rhymist, and lastly that they apply with singular aptness to the heroine of the love-affair in which this man was the poet's confidant.

In attempting to decide for or against Burns's authorship of the verses (an attempt which I do not make) it is necessary to bear in mind an alternative explanation of their origin. Mr. Alexander Smith, in his Globe edition of the poet's works, printed a curious "Elegy" which he found in the then recently recovered common-place book presented by Burns to Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop. The Elegy, copied in the poet's handwriting, was introduced in these words: "The following poem is the work of some hapless unknown son of the Muses, who deserved a better fate. There is a great deal of 'The Voice of Cana' in his solitary mournful notes; and had the sentiments been clothed in Shenstone's language, they would have been no discredit even to that elegant poet." Between the Elegy and the verses I have given there is no intrinsic resemblance, beyond the occurrence in both of the name "Stella." Burns might have got the name "Stella" (Swift's works do not appear to have been included in his early reading) from this poem, which

seems to have been a favourite with him; but on the other hand, he and his friend Orr may have had access in common to some collection of verses, now unknown, from which they each drew their extracts. Were the resemblance between the two pieces closer, this theory would be an extremely plausible one. As it is, the possibility of such an explanation has to be taken into account.

The second manuscript, a scrap of roughly ruled music-paper with the writing on the back, presents a problem which is to me insolvable. It is in the same handwriting as the other manuscript, but while the spelling in that is correct, in this it is abominable. The lines are described as "An Elegy on Archibald, Duke of Argyle, who died at London, 15th of April, 1761." Now as Thomas Orr was born in that very year 1761, it is obvious that, the Elegy cannot be his, or that it must have been composed a considerable time after the Duke's death. Here are the lines exactly as they stand, innocent of punctuation :

A solemn dirge ye bage pipes blow
 Let hills and dales resound the woe
 Ye rocks who guard the western shore
 Your potent Duk is now no mor
 Snach'd off by death when ripe in years
 His men'ry claims his countrys tears
 A stets man great and good likewies
 Among the unthinkin dead now lies
 No mor hil schem his countrys well
 No mor at court our plaints hell tell
 No mor hell spend the silent night
 To meditate his countrys right
 No mor for Scotland hell provide
 Nor by sage counsel Britan guide
 His politics now at an end
 No mor his contry will defend.

The existence of such an illiterate production, in Thomas Orr's handwriting, is hardly reconcilable with the authorship of the lines to Stella; and the only interest of the paper lies in the indirect evidence it affords that its neighbour, though bearing Orr's name, must have been a copy of the work of another pen.

It may not be amiss to note, in conclusion, as bearing upon the proba-

bility of some of Burns's early work being still undiscovered, that he distinctly indicates the existence of many rhymes written before his twenty-third year, which had not been given to the world in his own day, and which have not been discovered since. In the oft-quoted letter to Dr. Moore, he says: "My life flowed on much in the same course till my twenty-third year. . . . Poesy was still a darling walk for my mind, but it was only indulged in according to the humour of the hour. I had usually half-a-dozen or more pieces on hand; I took up one or other, as it suited the momentary tone of the mind, and dismissed the work as it bordered on fatigue. My passions, when once lighted up, raged like so many devils, till they got vent in rhyme; and then the conning over my verses, like a spell soothed all into quiet! None of the rhymes of those days are in print, except 'Winter: a dirge,' the eldest of my printed pieces; 'The death of Poor Maillie,' 'John Barleycorn' and Songs first, second and third." Clearly "half-a-dozen or more pieces on the stocks at once," points to a degree of productiveness in his youthful days of which we have but scant record in his surviving works.

Almost all our knowledge of the sojourn at Kirkoswald is drawn from Burns's own allusions to it in the letter to Dr. Moore. The very date of it has become surrounded by some uncertainty and confusion, not through any want of clearness in Burns's own statement on the point, but through the difficulty of reconciling different parts of his somewhat incoherent narrative. Burns distinctly says that he spent his "seventeenth summer" at the "noted school," and as he was born in January, 1759, his seventeenth "summer," corresponding to his eighteenth year, was in 1776, the year previous to the "fitting" of the family from Mount Oliphant, near Ayr, to the larger farm of Lochlie in the parish of Tarbolton. Dr. Currie altered "seventeenth" to "nineteenth or

twentieth," to suit his own chronology; and Gilbert Burns, the poet's brother, seems to have been a pliable witness in the matter of dates. The period was an exceedingly important one in the young poet's mental development, and it held even more important issues in the subsequent career of the man. It gave the lad his first experience of independence and of emancipation from the rigid rule of the home. It introduced him for the first time to scenes of noisy conviviality and good fellowship, in which he was nothing loath (and was for the time being free) to join; thus it may be laying the basis of the habit that was destined to darken with its shadow the whole course of his after life. It saw the stirrings of literary ambition, and the production of one or two of his earliest lyrics. And, finally, it culminated in the first of those love-paroxysms that continued to disturb his peace and upset his philosophy almost to the last, and that played such an extraordinary part in the expression of his lyric genius. Fortunate it is, therefore, that a period so fateful has not been left altogether without record. The poet's account of it is all too brief and shadowy, but as no other evidence is available we must perforce be content.

Kirkoswald (locally called Kirkos'l) is no longer a scene of "roaring dissipation and swaggering riot," but a singularly quiet, peaceful, law-abiding village. It has preserved its old-world aspect to this day, and beyond sobering down to respectability and obscurity is probably much the same place that Burns knew in 1776. According to Chambers, who made his researches on the spot, the classes which Burns attended were temporarily held (owing to the destruction of the proper school-

house) in a house in the main street of the village, opposite the churchyard. Each house is provided with a long strip of garden, or kail-yard, running up the slope at the back, and it was here that the young poet espied, on the other side of the fence, the "Proserpine gathering flowers," of his lively fancy. The practical Chambers surmises that the damsel was more likely engaged in cutting a cabbage for the family dinner. The school (rebuilt) now stands at the end of the straggling village street. A sedate and prosperous-looking farmsteading bears the name of "Shanter," but beyond the name it would seem to have no connection with the home of the immortal "Tam," which has completely disappeared.¹

Burns's stay at Kirkoswald was too short and uneventful to endow the spot with the associations dear to pilgrims. Keats visited it in the course of his walking tour in 1818, but very few of the ordinary tourists in the "Land of Burns" so much as know its name, and fewer still disturb its peaceful quiet.

J. A. WESTWOOD OLIVER.

¹ A controversy has recently arisen regarding the original of this famous character. All commentators have taken it for granted that the poet's model was one Douglas Graham, a Kirkoswald farmer of convivial habits, who often on his way home from Ayr passed Allo-way Kirk in the condition of the luckless Tam. Graham himself is said to have acknowledged the portrait. A rival claimant has however been discovered in the person of a labourer named Thomas Reid, who early in the century worked on the estate of the late Mr. Lee-Harvey at Lochwinnoch. This man, who came from Ayrshire, seems to have passed among his contemporaries for the veritable Tam. It is difficult to see how at this time of day the matter can be satisfactorily decided; nor indeed is it of any real importance.

THE TOMB OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

THE opening last year of the New Museum at Constantinople, and the exhibition to the public of the rare sepulchral treasures discovered at Sidon a few years ago, seem likely to mark an epoch in Syrian research. It will doubtless be within the recollection of many, even among those not directly interested in such matters, that in the spring of 1887 a remarkable series of rock-cut tombs was accidentally brought to light in the neighbourhood of the ancient capital of Phœnicia. As one who was living within a short distance of Sidon at the time when the sepulchres were opened, who hastened to the spot so soon as the first announcement of the discovery was made, and who has since had the opportunity of thoroughly examining their contents in the museum at Constantinople, I propose to describe as briefly as possible the most important of these sepulchral remains; and then to discuss a theory which has been raised concerning them, and which, if correct, will render this discovery for ever memorable in the annals of exploration. According to this theory, the most splendid of these sarcophagi once held the remains of Alexander the Great.

It will be best perhaps to first give some account of the circumstances attending the discovery. About a mile to the north-east of Sidon, and a few hundred yards from the Mediterranean Sea, there stand two villages in close proximity, called respectively Helalieh and Baramieh. Between these villages is a plot of ground which in 1887 belonged to a wealthy inhabitant of Sidon, by the name of Mohamed Sherif. In the month of February of that year, Mohamed Sherif was engaged in excavations upon this land for the purpose of pro-

curing building materials; and, in the course of these operations, his workmen unexpectedly came upon a rectangular pit cut out of the solid rock, and presenting at first the appearance of an ancient reservoir or cistern. The earth and rubbish with which it had been completely choked up were cleared away, and the rock-cut excavation was then discovered to be the open vestibule, or centre court, of a series of sepulchres. The dimensions of this court were sixteen feet by thirteen, the depth of the walls from the surface to the floor of the court being no less than thirty-six feet. The walls had been smoothed off with the greatest care, and faced directly to the four cardinal points, those on the north and south being the longest sides. At the bottom of each wall was a low doorway, three feet high by two and a-half feet wide, pierced in the rock and giving admittance to a sepulchral chamber of ample size which had been excavated out of the white limestone with great care and precision.

In the north chamber, which held two sarcophagi of no particular interest, two openings were discovered leading into a couple of inner chambers, situated respectively east and west. In the eastern one was again an ordinary sarcophagus; but in the other were found four white marble coffins, one of which was of unusual size and richness. Assyrian in character, it appears to have originally contained the remains of some prince or noble. It is wrought of pure white marble, and on one of its sides is graven in alto relievo a scene which is clearly intended to represent the death-bed of its original tenant. There is an air of majesty about the aspect and demeanour of the dying man, who wears an Assyrian

head-dress; while at the foot of the couch on which he lies is seated a female figure bearing an expression of intense yet dignified grief. Around are grouped attendant figures in various appropriate attitudes. The workmanship shows unusual care and skill, and the whole sarcophagus is in a state of perfect preservation. The surrounding coffins, also of white marble, probably contained the wife and two other members of this great man's family.

In the chamber entered by the doorway in the eastern wall of the outer vestibule, were two white marble sarcophagi alike in size but differing considerably in ornament and design. That on the left was quite plain, while the other was elaborately adorned. It shows a Greek Ionic temple, and around its sides and ends there runs a frontispiece, or façade, representing the peristyle of the temple. This peristyle is divided into eighteen recesses, separated by fluted columns surmounted by Ionic capitals, with Doric pilasters at the angles. In each of the eighteen recesses is a female clad in Greek robes. Each female has a different attitude, but the form and features are the same throughout; and it is evident that they are intended to represent one and the same person in various postures of grief. The faces are wonderfully natural, and the air of dignity about the figures indicates one of noble birth. The temple rests on a stylobate, or platform; and the roof of the temple is formed by the coffin lid, the slanting sides of which are carved to represent overlapping tiles, while on the pediments at either end are sculptured groups of figures. Above the cornice on either side runs a volute, showing, about twenty inches in height, a Greek funeral procession. Elaborate as the design of this sarcophagus is, it has been pronounced by competent judges to belong to the decadent period of Greek art, and is probably not earlier than the second century B.C. When the lid was raised

the coffin was found to contain some female bones and seven dogs' heads, a proof that it had evidently been opened and rifled at some time subsequent to the first interment. No golden ornaments nor objects of any value were found within it, such as would certainly have been deposited in the tomb of one whose birth and position required such elaborate burial. Indeed, with one exception, every sarcophagus had clearly been violated at some remote period of time, so that it is impossible to utilise any remains which were discovered in them for the purpose of identification. The significance of this fact will be seen when we discuss the supposed tomb of Alexander the Great.

The one undisturbed tomb was situated immediately beneath the chamber containing the sarcophagus just described. It was not discovered till some little time after the others, and was viewed with peculiar interest owing to its absolutely inviolate condition. For how many ages had it lain there in unknown obscurity, its very existence probably unsuspected until it was discovered five years ago? It contained a solitary sarcophagus made of jet black marble, exceedingly flat and shallow, barely three feet in length, and of the shape generally known as demi-anthropoidal. Very few sarcophagi of this kind are known to be in existence. When opened it was found to contain a half-decayed board of sycamore wood, the wood commonly used for ancient Egyptian coffins, and usually covered with a coat of plaster painted in tempera, or with inscriptions carved upon its plain surface. This sycamore board, however, was perfectly bare and unadorned; though the other relics found in the sarcophagus pointed to its having been made for some princess or queen. A golden girdle and a royal circlet of the same precious metal, a long tress of hair, female bones and teeth, and the remains of linen bandages were the principal articles discovered. There

was nothing by which the probable age of the person interred could be determined, nor could any accurate estimate be formed of the period when she was buried. It was evident, however, that the tomb and its contents had no connection with that beneath which it was discovered; and in all probability those who constructed the latter had no conception of the former's existence.

But about the same time that this hidden tomb was brought to light another sepulchre was discovered a short distance north of the group already mentioned, and there were several indications of similarity between the two, both of which were evidently of an older date than that of the others. The mummy of a man was discovered in the northern tomb, enclosed within a black marble sarcophagus of anthropoidal shape, upon which were legible inscriptions settling all doubt as to its identity. On the base of the lid were eleven lines of hieroglyphic characters, a second hieroglyphic inscription encircled the circumference of the sarcophagus, while on the legs was found a third in Phœnician letters. All these have been satisfactorily deciphered, revealing the fact that the tomb was that of Tabnite, king of Sidon. In the Louvre at Paris is the sarcophagus of Ashmanezzer, king of Sidon, which was discovered in 1855, and the latter is there called the son of Tabnite, his mother's name being Amonashtoret. It does not seem, therefore, unreasonable to suppose that the demi-anthropoidal sarcophagus described above is that of Amonashtoret, wife of Tabnite, whose bones and relics were found within it. According to the most trustworthy calculations, Tabnite and his queen died about the latter half of the fifth century B.C.; and, as the excavators of the other tombs were apparently unaware of the existence of their sepulchres, we should be justified in conjecturing that the former are not earlier than the third, or, at the most, the close of the fourth

century B.C. And it is about this date that one would be led to assign to them from the character, design, and execution of the sarcophagi themselves.

The coffins contained in the north and east chambers of the main group have now been described. In the south chamber was found one of whitemarble, which from its size and peculiar characteristics at once attracts the stranger's eye as he enters the museum at Constantinople. It is entirely distinct from any of the others, being what is known to Oriental antiquaries as a "Lycian tomb." Of this kind there are two typical examples to be seen in the Mausoleum Room of the British Museum, which were brought from Lycia by Sir Charles Fellows, who commanded two expeditions sent thither by Her Majesty's Government in the years 1842-46. The chief peculiarities of a Lycian tomb are its unusual height and the peculiar shape of the lid, which is in the form of a curved roof with gabled ends, one of the gables being pierced with a small door for the insertion of the body; it is generally also richly sculptured, as any one may see who takes the trouble of paying a visit to the British Museum. Only six other Lycian tombs besides these are known to be in existence. It is impossible to examine the Sidonian example without at once remarking its close resemblance to those in the British Museum, not only in shape and general appearance, but also in the scenes and subjects sculptured on its surface. Unlike the latter, however, which were so much injured by time, weather, and rough usage that it has been necessary to patch them up with modern stone, the Lycian tomb now in the Seraglio Museum is in an absolutely perfect condition, and appears in every way as fresh and sharply defined as on the day when it left the sculptor's studio. On either side a four-horsed chariot stands out in bold relief, the horses being of the conventional form familiar to all students of ancient art from the noble specimens on the frieze of the Parthe-

non at Athens; and, indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that in expression and finish the figures upon the Lycian tomb are in no way inferior to the work of Phidias. Winged sphinxes with female busts, monsters, male and female, half-animal, half-human, and other figures purely Greek, are to be seen on various portions of the monument, and everything indicates that the tomb was constructed in the palmiest days of Grecian art.

But even this fine trophy of the sculptor's skill is surpassed by a tomb, the pride of the Museum, which, protected by a handsome plate-glass case, stands enthroned in the centre of the room, like a monarch attended by his subjects. This magnificent sarcophagus was found in a chamber leading out from the western one of the group, together with three others, themselves worthy of no mean place among the treasures of ancient art, though overshadowed by the grandeur of their companion. Constructed out of a single block of pure white marble, this masterpiece measures no less than eleven feet in length, five feet nine inches in breadth, and four feet eight inches in height, and is surmounted by a lid nearly three feet high. As was often the case with the tombs of noted heroes of those ancient days, the scenes depicted upon the sides and ends represent respectively Peace and War. One side and one end is devoted to each of these two subjects. The former depicts a hunting scene, the latter a conflict between Persians and Greeks. The Persians, clothed in their national garb, are evidently being defeated by the Greeks, who are easily recognised by their forms and features, and are for the most part nearly or entirely nude, though all of them wear the Grecian helmet and carry the large round Grecian buckler. Dead and dying are mingled in inextricable confusion with the fighting soldiers; the Persians excited by rage, agony, and despair, while the calm faces of the Greeks seem to denote their confident assurance of victory.

As was generally the case in Greek battle-scenes the principal persons on either side are represented at the opposite ends of the group. The Persian leader, as Hamdi Bey (the accomplished Director of Fine Arts for the Ottoman Empire) has intelligently pointed out, bears a close resemblance to the figure of Darius, as represented on the famous Pompeian Mosaic; while concerning the Greek captain there can be no mistake whatever, for his features, face, and general appearance are identical with those stamped on the coins of Alexander the Great, even to the head-dress formed of the scalp of a lion's head.

In the hunting scene a lion, driven to bay, has fastened his claws upon the breast of a horse, from which the bleeding flesh is hanging. The rider fights bravely with his spear to rescue his poor animal, and a noble dog is attacking the lion on the flank. A couple of huntsmen are hastening to the rescue, armed with sharp spears, while a third takes aim with an arrow from the rear. Another group of huntsmen are surrounding a stag in the distance, and the contrast between the two engagements is remarkably clever. The natural effect of both is enhanced by a judicious application of colour, the tints of which have been preserved in perfect freshness to the present day. Thus the regal splendour of the Tyrian purple, and the delicate grace of the Lebanon ochre, which have hitherto been familiar to us only through the pages of classic writers, are now exhibited in all their beauty before our very eyes. By the aid of these and other pigments every shade of expression has been imparted to the forms and features of the men and animals, and even the very iris and pupil of the eye are exactly depicted in their natural colours. Not less perfect than the sarcophagus itself is its marble cover. It is shaped to the form of a slanting roof, the tiles of which are of the ordinary shell pattern. The ridge and eaves are adorned with

rows of heads, surrounded by a species of halo, a most uncommon, if not unique, feature of decoration. At each corner of the eaves is a slumbering lion, and over the front of the cornice are rams' heads, forming as it were a species of gargyle.

Such is the rare work of art which is now claimed by some connoisseurs to have been the tomb of Alexander the Great. Can the pretensions of this claim be supported? Is it indeed true that in this last decade of the nineteenth century of the Christian Era, more than two thousand years since that famous hero was buried, the vexed question of his resting-place has at length been solved?

A vexed question and a disputed mystery for ages the burial place of Alexander has undoubtedly been. The common belief of many centuries has, indeed, placed his sepulchre at Alexandria; but every effort to discover it there has been ineffectual. Nor does there appear to have been any well-grounded cause why Alexandria should have been thought to contain the site of the conqueror's tomb. There is absolutely no direct testimony upon the point. Two contemporaneous histories of Alexander's life are known to have been written, the one by Ptolemæus Lagides, and the other by Aristobulus Cassandrensis. Both these writers were officers in Alexander's army, yet neither of them says anything about his burial. The former, known also as Ptolemy Soter, gained possession of Egypt on the division of the Macedonian Empire after the death of Alexander and became the founder of the celebrated dynasty of the Ptolemies. It is he who has been commonly supposed to have conveyed the remains of Alexander to Egypt for interment. If this had been the case, we should naturally expect him to have mentioned the event, and his silence on the point is consequently a strong argument against the Alexandrian theory. It is true that only fragmentary portions of his writings are

extant; but Arrian, who wrote an exhaustive life of Alexander, and who was fully acquainted with the whole of Ptolemy's work, makes no allusion to him as an authority respecting the tomb of his hero. Aristobulus Cassandrensis is equally silent; nor from any other of the ancient writers who allude to Alexander can we glean a word of real information on the subject.

Arrian, who lived in the earlier part of the second century of the Christian Era, prefaced his great work *The Anabasis of Alexander* by stating that he was indebted to Ptolemy and Aristobulus for the greater part of his credible information. His words are as follows: "Different authors have given different accounts of Alexander's life; and there is no one about whom more have written, or more at variance with each other. But in my opinion the narratives of Ptolemy and Aristobulus, are more worthy of credit than the rest; Aristobulus, because he served under King Alexander in his expedition, and Ptolemy, not only because he also accompanied Alexander, but because he was himself a king afterwards, and falsification of facts would have been more disgraceful to him than to any other man. Moreover, they are both more worthy of credit, because they compiled their histories after Alexander's death, when neither compulsion was used nor reward offered to write anything different from what really occurred."

From Arrian we learn that Alexander died at Babylon, but no mention whatever is made of his interment. Plutarch, in like manner, is silent upon the point; and, indeed, the only writers of ancient times who have made any statement about the matter appear to have been Diodorus Siculus and Pausanias. The former, who, as his cognomen implies, was an inhabitant of Sicily, flourished during the Julian and Augustan periods, and set himself to write a complete history of the world from its commencement to his own days. The result was a monument of patience and industry, occupying forty volumi-

nous books ; but, from the portions which still remain, he can hardly be called on the whole a very safe authority. There is, however, no reason to doubt the accuracy of his information on this particular point. He tells us that, after the body of Alexander had lain neglected in his tent for six days after his death, while his generals were quarrelling as to who should succeed him, it was embalmed and placed in a temporary coffin for the purpose of being conveyed to *Ægæ* in Macedonia. Arridæus, the son of Philip, who had been finally elected king, was entrusted with the care of the funeral rites, and started accordingly with the body from Babylon, intending to convey it to Macedonia. Before, however, the journey was completed, Arridæus learnt that Alexander had expressed a desire, during his life, that his body should be laid to rest in the temple of Jupiter Ammon in the desert to the east of Egypt, which he had visited after the conquest of that country and where he had been saluted as the son of Jupiter. Upon hearing of this, Arridæus altered the direction of the route, and the procession turned its face towards Egypt. Whether it actually reached its destination, however, the historian does not say ; though Pausanias, who lived during the reign of the Antonines, about the middle of the second century of our era, mentions a report which he gives for what it was worth : "They say that Ptolemy persuaded those of the Macedonians who were appointed to carry the dead body of Alexander to *Ægæ* to hand it over to him, and that he buried him at Memphis with the customary Macedonian rites."

These then, so far as I have been able to gather, are the only two writers within the first five hundred years after Alexander's death who mention his burial, and one of them is careful to state that he only repeats a mere matter of hearsay. What does appear more or less historically true is that Alexander's body was removed from

Babylon, that the original intention was that it should be buried at *Ægæ* in Macedonia, and that, during the progress of the journey, the route was altered towards Egypt. A glance at the map is sufficient to show that, in this case, the procession would almost certainly have arrived at Sidon ; it would naturally have first followed the Euphrates valley so far as possible, and, on changing its course, would have made its way towards Egypt along the Syrian coast.

It is conceivable then, and by no means improbable, that, when the funeral train reached Sidon, some fresh combination of circumstances may have arrested its further progress, and that the mortal remains of the great Macedonian may have found their permanent resting-place among the royal sepulchres of Phœnicia. We know that many of the aspirants to the honours which Alexander had left behind him had viewed with jealousy and displeasure the seizure by Ptolemy of the rich province of Egypt. Arridæus, himself, who had been elected the nominal successor to the Macedonian throne, must naturally have regarded the new ruler of Egypt, if not as a rebel, at least as a rival. It would have added not little prestige to the position of Ptolemy if the body of the conqueror of the world should have been interred within the domains which he had claimed for himself ; and neither Arridæus nor any of the other generals was likely to have willingly countenanced this. Pausanias tells us that it was Ptolemy who mainly resisted the succession of Arridæus to Alexander's empire, and who again was responsible for its division into kingdoms. In all probability Arridæus had heard nothing of Ptolemy's attitude towards himself when he first made up his mind to take the body to Egypt, for Ptolemy, it appears, was in Egypt when Alexander died, and news in those days did not travel fast. It may be that it was only on his arrival at Sidon that he learned of Ptolemy's opposition ; and that the

news he then received was the determining cause of the interment of Alexander at Sidon. This would naturally account for the otherwise almost inexplicable silence which Ptolemy preserves in his life of Alexander concerning the question of the place of his burial. Had it really taken place in Egypt, whether at Alexandria, Memphis, or the temple of Jupiter Ammon, Ptolemy would surely have mentioned the fact; but if the Macedonians purposely thwarted his desires and refused to allow the body of their monarch to be laid to rest in the province which he had seized, then we can readily understand that in his writings he should utterly have ignored the question of the burial.

This being the case, then, there is no historical improbability in the theory that Alexander was buried at Sidon; there is on the contrary a presumption in favour of it, or at least in favour of the belief that the interment took place at some spot between the point where the procession turned off from the direct road from Babylon to Macedonia, and the country of Egypt whither it had been proceeding. And, in determining the probability of this spot, we must not forget the likelihood that several of Alexander's officers and friends may have already been buried at Sidon. After the battle of Issus, in which Alexander broke the power of Darius, the conqueror lost no time in marching southwards to Phœnicia. In addition to the men killed outright in the battle, Alexander had, according to Curtius, upwards of five hundred wounded. These he carried along with him into Phœnicia, and it is only reasonable to suppose that some of them, at least, perished from their wounds. Following the example of the inhabitants of Marathus and Byblos, the Sidonians opened their gates to Alexander and welcomed him as their friend. They had long been incensed against the Persians, on account of the treacherous and cruel manner in which their city had been captured by the

armies of Ochus eighteen years before. The attitude of Sidon was all the more appreciated by Alexander on account of the different behaviour of its neighbour and rival Tyre. The latter city resisted his overtures, chiefly because he insisted on being allowed to sacrifice to Hercules at the shrine of the Tyrian god Melkarth. As is well known, it was only after a long and difficult siege that Alexander succeeded in reducing Tyre; and during this time his headquarters were stationed at Sidon. Thus Sidon became, as it were, the hospital not only for the sick and wounded from Issus, but also for those who became disabled in the course of the siege of Tyre. In a word, it is in all senses the principal city on the Syrian or Phœnician coast which has been identified with the fortunes of Alexander. What city, then, could be found more suitable for the honour of receiving his tomb?

Having thus disposed of the testimony of history, in which we have seen at least a presumption in favour of the interment of Alexander at Sidon, let us briefly consider the internal evidence supplied by the sepulchres themselves.

And first it is to be observed, as a remarkable fact, that here, in the midst of a royal cemetery evidently designed for the use of the Phœnician kings, a group of distinctly Greek monuments is found. The north chamber and its side-rooms do not appear to have held any Greek remains; but all the other chambers leading from the outer court or vestibule bear unmistakable evidence of having been used for the interment of persons of high rank and importance belonging to the Greek nation. Having already sufficiently described the principal tombs, it is unnecessary for me to do anything further than point out the significance of this fact.

Secondly, these tombs belong to the palmiest days of Greek architecture and sculpture. Now it is well known to the merest tyro in the study of ancient history that the death of

Alexander is commonly selected as the epoch when Hellenic art had attained its highest pitch of perfection, and that from this period it began gradually to decline. It has indeed been truly said of him that "Not less in art than by his wonderful undertakings has he acquired the title of 'the Great.' No portraits, whether of divinities, heroes, or other celebrated men, have equal claims with his to a place in the history of art; for he is to be considered as a portion of it, because he was from his own impulses the greatest promoter of art that the world has ever seen, and all the artists of his time shared his munificence. His encouragement of art is indeed a more legitimate cause of renown to him than all the trophies erected to his conquests, than all the monuments of his marches through countless kingdoms, for he divides the glory with no one; it belongs to himself alone and to his own discernment, and the severest judge of human actions cannot dim its lustre by any censure." Seeing, then, that this man was illustrious above all men of his race and time, for his patronage and support of art, no less than for his martial prowess, can it be doubted that his tomb would be wrought with a splendour worthy of so great a hero? And if not for Alexander, for whom, then, could the princely monument in the Museum at Constantinople have been erected? Consider again the subjects and figures carved upon it. The main portion of the sculpture represents a decisive victory of the Greeks over the Persians, in which Darius and Alexander are clearly depicted in person. There are several heads of Alexander still in existence, the most important of which is in the grand Ducal Gallery at Florence. The Capitoline Museum contains the next, perhaps, in value; while a third of almost equal per-

fection is at San Ildefonso in Spain. In every one of these, as in all his portraits without exception, the hair is stroked upwards, to fall curving down on each side of the face. This disposition of hair is absolutely peculiar to heads of Alexander: among all the images of ancient heroes there is nothing at all resembling it; and an aspect as of divinity is thereby imparted to the expression of the countenance, as though the Macedonian conqueror were indeed the son of Jupiter, as he delighted to call himself, and as he had been hailed by the priests of Ammon.

One only argument, so far as I know, could be produced as tangible proof on the other side. When the lid was removed from the coffin a dark brown skull was found inside, which is now to be seen on a shelf of the glass cases in the Museum, and which is evidently that of an aged man. Alexander, as every one knows, was only thirty-two years old at the time of his death; and if the skull were that of the original occupant of the tomb, the theory would be at once disproved. But I have already drawn especial attention to the fact that the tomb had evidently been rifled at some date between the original interment and its discovery in 1887; and little weight therefore can be attached to any evidence afforded by its contents.

In conclusion, then, although at this distance of time it is impossible to speak dogmatically on the subject, yet we are surely justified in holding that, considering the external and internal points of testimony, there does exist a very powerful cause for believing that visitors to the Museum at Constantinople have now an opportunity of beholding with their own eyes the tomb of Alexander the Great.

HASKETT SMITH.

ON THE OLD KNIGHTSBRIDGE ROAD.

To inquire into the history of the localities in or near which our daily lives are passed, is both an entertaining and an instructive pursuit. To carry such researches to their utmost limits requires indeed the zeal, the patience, and the leisure of the professed antiquary. Short of being antiquaries it is nevertheless within the power of most of us to profit by their labours, and learn through them to take an intelligent interest in the districts in which we live and move and have our being. Moreover, everything in this world is relative, and since an adequate appreciation of the ease and safety of modern existence is impossible without the aid of comparison with more primitive times, it is well worth our while to study the latter in order to enjoy to the full the privileges of life accorded to our epoch.

To stroll home along Knightsbridge, say, after a ball, is to obtain much food for the mind of a contemplative man. He pursues his belated way bed-wards at the leisured pace born of a sense of perfect security, carrying articles of value such as a watch, chain, and possibly jewels, in summer often not even dissembled beneath an overcoat, unharmed and unmenaced along a thoroughfare every yard of which could tell of highway-robbers and foot-pads, of mail-coaches stopped and rifled, of peaceful citizens maltreated if not murdered. And the link connecting this present peace with the last vestiges of past violence, is but little longer than the potential memory of a living person of exceptionally mature years. The beginning of the present century will answer our purpose of contrast, though in many respects a much later date might be adopted.

In the year 1800 London barely extended to Hyde Park Corner; a few

houses along Park Lane forming part of its south-western boundary which, on the southern side of Piccadilly, might be drawn at Grosvenor Place, where stood a few buildings. The road connecting London with the hamlet of Knightsbridge and, beyond, with the village of Kensington, was purely suburban where not actually rural, and presented difficulties of communication now scarcely realisable.

Mr. Davis in his *History of Knightsbridge* gives some instances to this effect. As late as 1799 a party of Light-Horse used to patrol every night between Hyde Park Corner and Kensington; and, until an appreciably later date, pedestrians collected at Hyde Park Corner until in sufficient force to brave the road to Knightsbridge and Kensington, "starting at known intervals of which a bell gave warning." The way was rendered yet more solitary by reason of its skirting Hyde Park, which then lay practically in the country. A bird's-eye view in the Crace Collection at the British Museum, taken some few years previous to our starting-point, shows only a few insignificant buildings on the site, and eastward, of modern Apsley House; and the eye is carried uninterruptedly over the Park to an expanse of blue distance beyond the Uxbridge Road.

On the Hyde Park side of the road nothing existed westwards between the Corner and what is now known as the Albert Gate, which entrance to the Park stands on the site of a conduit through which the West-Bourne gushed previous to flowing beneath the Knight's Bridge, over which the road at this point passed, and from which the district took its name. Close by this conduit the stocks remained until 1805. The West-Bourne may still be seen where it leaves the eastern end

of the Serpentine and meanders for a short space through one of the most picturesque nooks in the Park. It could, likely enough, at some very remote date, have said with Tennyson's Brook,

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

The modern West-Bourne is not so choice in the society it affects; true, it makes "a sudden sally," but disappears abruptly beneath Rotten Row "to bicker down a"—sewer! To such base uses has London brought all her brooks and streamlets. Beyond the conduit stood Knightsbridge Chapel, followed by an irregular row of low, motley tenements, some with deep red roofs, and most with dingy doorways sunk deep beneath the level of the footpath. Of these a surprisingly large proportion consisted of taverns. The "Queen's Head," the "White Hart" or "Old Cannon Tap," the "Fox and Bull," and others, blazoned with announcements of some brewer's "Entire," and flanked or faced with long wooden horse-troughs and high trestles for the accommodation of porter's burdens, belied in their simple, picturesque mien the character they bore of countenancing highwaymen and thieves.

This row terminated in the Cannon Brewery, which was surmounted by an old field-gun, and the whole covered the space now occupied by the residences known as Albert Gate. Here, the park wall appeared, and continued to the old cavalry-barracks, built in 1795, beyond which it again emerged, and continued to our limit on this side of the road,—to wit the disreputable, cut-throat-looking tavern evilly known as the "Half-Way House." This sinister establishment was built beneath the park wall and jutted out so far as to encroach not only upon the foot-way, but upon the road itself, which then had a somewhat different course. In some maps and plans the

building is represented as occupying the exact centre of the thoroughfare. It was a long, low, dirty-white erection with a red-tiled roof from whence peered two attics, and presented on its front elevation no less than five blind windows, which imparted a maimed, one-eyed expression to it, peculiarly typical of many of its customers. Notoriously the house of call affected by highwaymen frequenting the road between Knightsbridge and Hounslow Heath, and harbouring all the rogues and vagabonds of the locality, it is barely conceivable that this house, which was rendered yet more unsightly by a range of wooden out-buildings on its eastern flank, was only swept away in 1843; by which date however its customers consisted of nothing more formidable than drivers of market-carts. A newspaper-cutting annexed to a drawing of it in the Crace Collection says:—"The Half-Way Public-House on the Kensington Road which has for so many years disfigured the western entrance to the Metropolis, to the obstruction of the foot- and carriage-ways, and the annoyance of the neighbouring residents, is at last in the course of removal owing to the persevering efforts of Mr. Elger, the builder and architect, who is about to erect a range of noble dwellings on the land opposite to it. The cost of the demolition of this unseemly structure has been upwards of £3,000, independently of the purchase of the fee made some time since by the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Woods and Forests in furtherance of this object." Mr. Davis observes on the same subject: "Jerry Abershaw is said to have been a visitor here, and when the house was pulled down a secret staircase from a single chamber in the western part of the house was found built in the wall to lead gradually down to the stables. Many a villain doubtless thus escaped when the officers of justice were close upon him."

The site of the "Half-Way House" is accurately marked in the present

day by the park-entrance known as Prince's Gate, which was a principal result of its removal. There are one or two sketches of it in the Crace Collection (Portfolio X.) showing its shabby sheds and pig-styes, which it is impossible to examine without a sense of astonishment that such an eyesore should have remained in so important a thoroughfare until fifty years ago.

Not purposing to continue beyond this point we will cross the road and return on its southern side. Almost opposite to the "Half-Way House" stood, and still stands, Kingston House, the residence of Lord Listowel. It was built about 1770 and belonged to the Duke of Kingston, who left it to his celebrated Duchess, *née* Elizabeth Chudleigh, whose adventurous and bigamous career has already been more than sufficiently described. At her death it passed through several hands, until the freehold was acquired by a former Lord Listowel. Its grounds used to be considerably larger than at present, and on its east side was a large piece of land containing a sheet of ornamental water. Next came Rutland House, which was improved off the face of the earth rather less than sixty years ago. This old mansion will be reverted to presently, and we will proceed to Stratheden House, formerly the residence of Lord de Dunstanville, and still familiar to Londoners as the abode of Mr. Mitchell Henry. Then followed Kent House, which, like Rutland House, has gone the ultimate way of all bricks and mortar; it was named after its owner the Duke of Kent, and was demolished no great while since to make room for some ill-planned and tasteless modern structures. One of the entrance-gates of Kent House still lingers mournfully on the scene, and forms a popular base of operations for bill-stickers.

The floor-cloth manufactory of Messrs. Baber was the next conspicuous object, and still survives, though devoted to another industry. From this point stretched a straggling succession

of buildings consisting chiefly of modest residences, and containing little that is noteworthy excepting two inns called respectively the "Sun," and the "Rose and Crown." The latter was an old-fashioned hostelry of the respectable order, formerly known as the "Oliver Cromwell," in which tradition has housed both Sir Thomas Wyatt when marching on London in 1554, and Cromwell's body-guard during the Civil War. An inscription dated 1679 commemorating the latter event was still on the face of the inn in 1857 when J. Horner Shepherd made a water-colour sketch of it which is now in the Crace Collection. A square opening, piercing the buildings a little to the right, led to a yard surrounded by stables and coach-houses, above which galleries gave access to rooms overhead. What remains of this is now called Rutland Yard. The "Rose and Crown" also boasted a garden, a paddock, and a rickyard. In 1759 it was in the occupation of a Mr. Peter Demezey, a "comfortable" man apparently, who rented many of the meadows adjacent to his house and Rutland House. This inn was pulled down about 1860, having been licensed over three hundred years, and is immortalised, not only in the Crace Collection but also in a picture by Corbould called "The Old Hostellerie at Knightsbridge," exhibited at St. George's Gallery in 1849.

We now arrive at Knightsbridge Green, which skirted the road a few yards east of the "Rose and Crown" and extended through to the Brompton Road. Upon the green the neighbours used to hold their May-day festivities, and in 1800 the May-pole still stood there. All that remains of Knightsbridge Green is a small triangular grass-plot enclosed by a railing, near the entrance of Tattersall's. This remnant is also said to have been utilised as one of the burial-pits during the time of the Plague; and it is still beyond doubt a spot to which the surrounding inhabitants "bring out their dead" of the feline species.

At the junction of the Brompton and Knightsbridge roads a watch-box and pound stood until about 1835, and a single row of trees extended from the former to Knightsbridge Green. A passage, leading through from Knightsbridge to Tattersall's, is still called Knightsbridge Green, and, like most of such by-ways in London, doubtless represents a former foot-path and consequent right of way. From the point now reached nothing of very special interest existed eastwards. Another well-known hostelry known as the "Swan" occupied both corners of the present entrance to Sloane Street. Slightly retired along modern William Street was the house belonging to the Spring Gardens, which flourished on the site of Lowndes Square; but whether it was identical with Samuel Pepys' "World's-End at Knightsbridge" where he ate "messes of cream" and otherwise disported himself, is uncertain. Mr. Davis inclines to believe in such identity, since "Spring Garden" was a generic term applied to many such places of recreation.

Modern St. George's Place supplants a row of just such small, prim, and neat dwellings as one often encounters overlooking a village-green; in one of them lived John Liston the actor, and adjoining them were some infantry-barracks. At the corner of Grosvenor Place was Lanesborough House, the former residence of the peer of that name, whose "country-house" Thomas Pennant called it. During the time of Lord Lanesborough's occupation of it he had inscribed somewhere on the façade of the house the following couplet:

It is my delight to be
Both in Town and Country.

In 1800, and in an enlarged form, it had been known for sixty-six years as St. George's Hospital, and was pulled down to make way for the present building in 1827. The centre portion only of old St. George's Hospital was the original Lanesborough building,

which belonged to much the same date as Rutland House.

In commencing and ending with the turnpike-gates at Hyde Park Corner the limits of the Knightsbridge Road have been exceeded, as the West-Bourne formed the parish boundary, but the term has been used more in the sense of the road leading to Knightsbridge. In this cursory view of the district it will be granted that our hypothetical dancing-man would scarcely have attempted to return eighty or ninety years ago alone and on foot from, say, the present Exhibition Road to Piccadilly. With what trepidation he would have passed the "Half-Way House" for fear of attracting the attention of a Jerry Abershaw or some other gentleman of the road who, with a view to earning his daily bread, might be waiting there, or at some dark spot on the lonely way beyond. What a ray of comfort would have shot into his soul from a lighted window in Rutland or Kent House, telling of some one awake amid the general slumber. The watch-box at the junction of the roads would form an oasis where he might pause to parley with the watchman, and probably find the latter a Job's comforter, garrulous with tales of the hazards of the road. But it is superfluous to further consider a situation which could not have arisen in the circumstances of the time.

Let us now revert to Rutland House, which of all its neighbours has been least chronicled elsewhere, and though a conspicuous object about half a century ago, is now forgotten. A few topographers, Peter Cunningham and Davis more especially, give it a passing notice; but for the Londoner of to-day it has no existence, even in memory, not even for those whose homes are built upon its site. The locality of Rutland Gate is too well known to need indication, and the low brick wall, surmounted by an iron railing and pierced with four gateways, is the original enclosure of Rutland House. The more westerly of the two central

gates has been added for purposes of symmetry and convenience, but the other constituted the principal carriage-entrance. The two outer gates led to the stables and back premises. The carriage-drive approached and encircled a large round grass plot beyond which and facing Hyde Park stood the house spreading widely on either hand. Belonging to the Queen Anne, or early Georgian period, and built of red brick lightened by white stone dressings, the house consisted of a central portion, perfectly square in form, of three stories high, surmounted by a pediment and parapet which concealed the windows of a range of attics above. The doorway in the centre, reached by a low flight of steps and enclosed between small white columns, terminated in a pediment, above which was a balustrade and a large window, lighting probably the staircase and hall. From either side of this central structure extended colonnades of three arches each, connecting it, in the well-known fashion of the period, with low wings, each nearly equalling it in extent of frontage. These wings projected in front considerably beyond the main building, thus enclosing a court-yard partially paved with broad flag-stones, and comprised stabling for nine horses, coach-houses, and offices, with servants' rooms over.

Beneath the colonnades hung some pairs of curious old jack-boots, and two basements, one below the other, extended beneath the building, containing all the usual offices of a large country-house. At the back were a conservatory, vinery, dairy, brew-house, fowl-houses and pig-styes, pleasure and kitchen gardens, paddock and orchard; the whole covering about seven acres of land, and extending back nearly to modern Brompton Square. Peter Cunningham and Davis both describe Rutland House as the former residence of the Dukes of Rutland, which is not strictly accurate. It was originally the property of the third Duke, and was presumably built by him, but stood upon leasehold land

only, and after his death the remainder of the lease was not vested in the dukedom, and the freehold of the whole property was subsequently purchased by a member of a remoter branch of the family.

John, third Duke of Rutland, was born during the reign of William III. in 1696, and it is his memory alone that gives any historic interest to Rutland House. Though by nature averse from public life, his great territorial and political influence rendered his friendship and support of the utmost value to a Ministry, and no one appreciated this fact more thoroughly than the Duke of Newcastle, who assiduously cultivated the good offices of His Grace of Rutland as well as those of his sons and other relatives. For close upon forty years, from 1727, that is, to 1766, the Duke of Rutland filled various high places in the royal households; and, during a portion of this period important communications were constantly passing between Rutland House and Newcastle House or Claremont, many of which are preserved among the Newcastle Papers in the British Museum, and at Belvoir. After 1760 most of the Duke of Rutland's correspondence was conducted by Mr. Thomas Thornton, M.P. for Newark, also a favourite with His Grace of Newcastle.

Besides the Duke of Rutland, his son, the celebrated and popular Marquis of Granby, lived at Rutland House when not elsewhere engaged in his military duties. During the Marquis's absence on the Continent during the Seven Years' War, many letters passed between him and Rutland House relating to reinforcements, shipments of horses, and the sinews of war generally, some of which are contained in the second volume of the Rutland Manuscripts. Among the Newcastle papers there are voluminous letters between the Marquis and the Duke which all point to the existence of a warm personal attachment in addition to the official ties that connected them; and at the end of 1762

and beginning of 1763 a fever, of which Lord Granby nearly died at Warburg, was the theme of constant inquiries addressed to Rutland House by His Grace of Newcastle. In many of Mr. Thoroton's replies to the latter he encloses copies of the letters received by the Duke of Rutland from the doctors attending his son, all of them breathing the same spirit of devoted attachment with which the Marquis appears to have inspired all who were brought in contact with him.

Among the less important letters is one that illustrates a previous paragraph, for it contains a request from Lord Granby that the Duke of Newcastle will alter the date of a dinner engagement, as he finds he has been long pledged on the night in question to accompany the rest of his family to a firework entertainment "at their neighbour, Miss Chudleigh's." This was the lady already alluded to in reference to Kingston House.

In a magazine of the eighteenth century there is a story which may scarcely be worth quoting since no means are afforded of proving its veracity. It relates that a lady, with whom the Marquis of Granby was flirting, on one occasion made him a bet that before the week was out he would be stopped and robbed by highwaymen. The Marquis accepted the bet, and sure enough his coach was soon after challenged by some masked desperadoes as he was returning to Rutland House. Lord Granby was doubtless armed in accordance with the necessities of the day, and the reputation of his great courage still lives; but, wishing to lose his bet for the pleasure of paying it, he handed over his purse to the robbers with much good-humour. He wasted no time about reporting his loss, and the lady, after receiving her winnings, naively explained that the thieves were none other than her own chairmen disguised to carry out her little plot. True or not the story unmistakably points to the old reputation of the road; and no doubt real adven-

tures of this type befell more than one traveller to or from Rutland House, whose gates were as easily watched from the "Half-Way House" as those of Kingston House. Among the arms collected at Rutland House and dispersed in 1827 was a curious coach-gun now in the possession of the writer. It is furnished with two revolving barrels which adapt themselves to one flint-and-steel lock on a principle which may not unfitly be described as "one down, t'other come on," and a bayonet, folded along the side of these barrels, flies into position on being released by a spring.

If the dates previously mentioned be borne in mind it will be remembered that the Albert and Prince's gates, giving access to Hyde Park, were not in existence until 1841 and 1846 respectively; that is to say some years after the disappearance of Rutland House. The inmates of the latter would have been limited to the gate at Hyde Park Corner, and to that which existed at the western extremity of the park, the precise locality of which it is outside our present limits to determine. Apparently this was a source of considerable inconvenience, for in 1789 Captain Edward Manners, of the First Regiment of Footguards, sought permission to have an entrance constructed opposite to Rutland House. With this object he applied for the assistance and interest of Charles, fourth Duke of Rutland, who at that time was earning considerable reputation equally for state-craft and bonhomie as Viceroy of Ireland. The Duke replied as follows: "Ballina, Sept. 11, 1789. DEAR NED,—I shall derive much satisfaction in having any opportunity of showing you my regard, and I beg that without scruple you will employ me on any occasion wherein I may be able to serve you. You will let me know whether y^e application is to be made to Lord Orford who is y^e ranger of y^e Park or to y^e King Himself—in y^e latter case I would write to Lord Sydney. At y^e same time if it

be to y^e King, a greater object might be easier accomplished than this trifle, as I know he is very Particular about His Parks, at least He is so about St. James' Park, for he made a man an Irish Peer to keep him in a good humour for having refused Him Permission to drive His Carriage thro' y^e Horse Guards. Pray let me hear from you as to whom I am to make y^e application and I will do it with all Possible Zeal." The necessity of creating another Irish Peer did not arise, for the request was acceded to; and in a sale-catalogue of 1833 Mr. George Robins, in his celebrated hyperbolic style, writes:—"In this favoured part of Knightsbridge opposite Hyde Park, and to which the Park is so immediately identified, by means of the privilege of entrée, as almost to pertain to this Mansion, and, is indeed a proud auxiliary to it—is situated Rutland House," &c., &c. This entrance to Hyde Park still exists in the small gateway opposite to Rutland Gate, and it was probably originally adapted for carriages and was reduced to its present proportions when the old enclosure of the park was removed.

A sale, which foreshadowed by some ten years the doom of Rutland House, took place in 1827. The catalogue enumerates much valuable furniture, plate, pictures, and a small, but extremely choice, library of books. Even the old jack-boots came to the hammer; and such bucolic elements as "Two cows, a fine breeding sow, a capital rick of hay, twenty-four cocks and hens, a churn, milk-pails, and a cheese-press" are included. These latter items are not without significance to the dwellers in the huge new London that has already sprung into being far beyond the spot here dealt with, and is ever creeping on with the inexorable, stealthy advance of a glacier.

In dealing with topographical history much material is necessarily collected from previous writers, and the standard works of reference have

in the present instance been consulted; but, since they all borrow or repeat the same information, it would be a matter of considerable time to quote the original source of each particular. It will suffice to say that Davis's *History of the Hamlet of Knightsbridge* (London, 1859) is the most comprehensive and instructive work, practically embodying the rest; and that the endeavour to add original and fresh information to that provided by previous compilers, which is the sole warrant for utilising their pages, has in a humble way been carried out in this article.

Should any reader be interested by the latter it may be pointed out that, of the quaint little pigmy buildings which used to form so large a proportion of Knightsbridge, a small block only remains a few doors east of Albert Gate Mansions, opposite the barracks. One part is occupied by a tailor, another by a tobacconist (whose sign of a genial, snuff-taking Highlander is becoming quite a venerable institution), and another by a coffee-house called the "Sun." The latter name is a survival of the music-hall, demolished lately to make room for Albert Gate Mansions, and which, in its turn, was a namesake of an old hostelry called the "Sun," that formed part of the estate of our friend Mr. Philip Moreau. Two or three years only remain of the lease of this block, destined therefore soon to vanish into the abyss of time, to be succeeded by some tall but, alas! not necessarily imposing structure. Whether the Highlander will be suffered to remain on a spot graced by him, according to trustworthy testimony, during eighty years, is one of the undetermined events which the future holds in store. He attracted a roaring trade during the Great Exhibition of 1851; and his disappearance would stir memories in the minds of many of us who still deem ourselves young, which would lead by an unpleasantly-simple process of reasoning to the conviction that we are no longer "so young as we were."

THE SAND-WALKER OF ABBLESEY.

I.

On the north side of the village of Abblesey there is a high rocky promontory of dark sandstone against which the sea frets itself whatever the state of the tide ; but southward from the little harbour the cliffs are low and the beach flat, and at low tide a vast bare waste of sand and shingle stretches away as far as the eye can reach.

That beach has always been and will always be a desert. Our centuries of civilisation have had no effect upon it, except to produce now and again a little foul flotsam. It slowly shifts its position as the sea washes away the land, but its character is unaltered and unalterable. It is more waste and inhospitable than the sea itself. The rich habitable land beyond it is all claimed and there is none vacant, but this is an unknown wilderness that mocks at human pretensions. No man cares to enter upon it, save for very strong cause. Ugly mud banks spread over it in some places, and in others there are even quicksands. Long, deep water-pools, known to the fishermen as "gyles," reveal themselves unexpectedly between high banks of sand, which when the tide is rising may prove death-traps for the lonely wanderer.

Therefore people whose business lies southward from Abblesey always choose the path which runs along the edge of the cliff and abandon the beach to the coastguardsman on duty or to the solitary fisherman in search of bait, and you might wander over it for miles without seeing any sign of life, except sea-birds ; for the clayey cliffs on one side are just high enough to shut out any view of the inside country, and on the other is nothing but the turbid waters of a

shallow sea. You could scarcely imagine a more dispiriting scene.

Yet there was one man who from choice spent nearly the whole of his life amid this desolation, until he became as savage and desolate as the waste over which he walked. This man was Conger the Sand-walker, a man at whom all the good folk of Abblesey looked askance. He was not a native of Abblesey. Whence he came no one knew ; it was only known that for the last thirty years or more he had lived in the cuddy of an old unclaimed fishing-boat which was drawn up above high-water-mark just beyond the village, and that during all that time he had gone in all weathers twice each day along the south shore, searching among the unwholesome leavings of the ebb-tide there.

If you had listened to the conversation of a little knot of fishermen as they loitered sheltering behind the Abblesey lifeboat-house one stormy day in the autumn, you would have learnt something about this man and his ways, and would have understood better why people disliked and shunned him. They were watching his movements on the beach away in the distance, and making comments upon them.

"Sure enough he has," said one broad-chested fellow to the others. "He'd never come straight for the town like that if he hadn't, and that devil's whelp of his would never stick so close to his heels."

"You're right, Jim," remarked another, after a careful scrutiny of the distant figure. "He's turning aside for nought, and that isn't his usual way when he's out yonder. I wonder who the poor chap 'll be."

"How many 'll that make ?" asked a third.

"Over a score odd ones to my know-

ledge," answered the first speaker. "And I'll warrant there's been many another that I haven't kept reckon on. And besides that, he got thirty or forty all to himself when the great passenger boat was sunk off the Dollies."

"Curious how he snuffs 'em out, him and his dog," remarked another.

Meanwhile the object of their conversation had nearly reached the town.

"Aye, no doubt of it now," said Jim. "He's passed the *Sar' and Ann*, and 's going straight for the coast-guard station. No mistaking what that means."

The man's road lay close past the lifeboat-house. As he approached it, the fishermen withdrew awkwardly to the furthest corner of the building and were suddenly all intent on scanning the horizon. Not one of them cared to face the old man or to meet his eye. He, on his part, noticed the movement, and grinned maliciously, as if he found some savage amusement in their behaviour; but the poor mongrel which followed him drew up sideways still closer under the shelter of its master's legs as they passed.

They were indeed a miserable pair, this dog and man. There was something so unclean and repulsive about them, that the feeling of pity which one should have felt for such wretchedness was choked. The man looked less than human, and the brute looked more than dog. If he had stood upright, the man would have been tall, but his back was so arched that the line of his shoulders ran quite horizontal. Yet this stoop seemed to be the result of habit and not of actual deformity; and you felt in looking down on him that he might at any moment suddenly rise up quite above you. In walking, his face with its long grizzled beard hung vertically at right angles to his shoulders. His dull, glaring eyes and long, sharp nose were almost the only features not hidden under the tangle of his hair and beard. As he moved stealthily forward with head well in advance,

you saw at once why the Abblesey folk, finding him nameless, had given him the name of the most evil-looking of fishes. As for the dog, it had "mongrel" written large in every feature, from the halo of hair round its shapeless black muzzle to the bald tip of its thin, bare tail. But, unlike its master, there was no fierceness about it, nothing to be afraid of. It had that look of depressed endurance of a hopeless fate which tempts the evil-minded to the throwing of stones. Men who were afraid of the master, revenged themselves upon the dog.

Such were the pair that went past the lifeboat-house and made their way to the coastguard station. What their business there was, the fisherman had well divined. They had found one more dead body on the shore, and the Conger had gone to report it and lay claim to the reward of five shillings which was paid on such occasions. It was business they had become well accustomed to, and no wonder the fishermen should hate the sight of them. It was not a pleasant thing to know that if any mishap occurred to you out there on the treacherous sea and you went below, it would almost certainly fall to your lot sooner or later to be dragged up out of reach of the tide by this old man, and that he would glare with his dull eye into your sodden face to see who you were, and would chuckle and laugh when he found that it was really you, you who had never taken the trouble to conceal your hatred of him, and had yet come to him at the last and all unwillingly done him a great kindness. The dog would find you first, perhaps, and would run his hairy muzzle over your face, and then yelp for his master to come. Can you wonder when you think of it, that the fishermen of Abblesey should hate the sight of the Conger and his dog?

Yet, in spite of all, this miserable man was not entirely friendless. There was one woman in the town to whom

he could turn without being rebuffed, and to whom he could also safely look both for food and for protection. And it was fortunate for him that the influence of this his one friend was great among her neighbours, for through her intervention he was saved from more serious persecution than that he already underwent. If it had been any one else except Mother Harmby, the neighbours would doubtless have resented the kindness shown to him as a personal insult to them all. But every one knew that Mother Harmby could no more help being kind, even to this most wretched being, than she could help living. She was one of those large-bodied, large-hearted creatures whose sympathies seem wide enough to embrace the whole of creation. Being the childless wife of a sailor she lived much alone, but was never lonely. Her husband was mate on a large barque, sailing on year-long voyages from one of the great ports to the north, and his visits home were short and far between; but he never failed to send his wife a fair share of his earnings, and she cherished his memory and forgave him his faults. The children she had born had all died in infancy, and she sought to fill the void in her life by her care for other people's families and affairs, and took the whole village for her family circle. The Abbeley folk recognised this and always called her "Mother." Their respect for her was unbounded, and when her strong voice was heard in expostulation or command it was rarely raised in vain.

Therefore it was indeed fortunate for the old Sand-walker that Mother Harmby was his friend. As matters stood between them she was practically the only means of communication which the old man had with his race, the only one in the village who would approach him or allow his approach. The manner of their communion was curious and characteristic. Every day, when the rising tide had driven him from the beach, the Sand-walker stole up the road on the outskirts of the

village which led past her gate, always as if his going that way had been quite casual. He did not even look towards the house, but Mother Harmby knew when to expect him, and he rarely failed as he passed the gate to hear her cheery voice calling to him to stop. Then he stood waiting, looking away from her out over the open sea, until she came to the end of the garden-path, bearing food in her hands.

"Here, take this," she would say, handing him across the gate a little bread loaf or a piece of hard substantial pastry, and he would bend very low and take it reverently from her hands, with his eyes cast down as if in adoration. At such moments you would scarcely recognize in his mild sad face the fierce malicious Conger whom you had shrunk from as he slid past you in the lane. "And what have you found to-day?" Mother Harmby would ask, and the old man without speaking would lower the bag from his shoulder and begin to sort out its contents. "No more corpses, I hope, Conger; you've found enough o' them already. No? that's right. Ah! that's a good copper bolt, worth twopence or threepence that; leave it there inside the gate and I'll sell it for you and get you some tea and candles. Rags? better keep them till you can make up a little bundle, and then we'll do something with 'em. Oh! that's a fair decent fish; a young ling, is it? You'd get that out of the long gyle, I reckon. Come now, I'll cook that for your dinner to-morrow; there'll be more'n enough for you and your dog 'n all. That all? well, come, notso bad. You'll not starve this week, eh, Conger? Now, mind you come up to-morrow about this time and get your fish. I'll have it ready and a bit of something to go with it, mebbe." While she was rattling on in this fashion the old man would remain quite silent; and when she had done, he would place the food she had given him carefully in his bag, and turn away towards his den.

II.

THERE was no subject about which there was more discussion in Abblesey than whether Old Conger had or had not scraped together any valuables by his toil on the beach; and if he had, where he kept them. Diverse opinions were held and stoutly defended, and many a quarrel had arisen behind the lifeboat-house on these points.

"Don't tell me," one man would say, "don't tell me that he's walked them sands all these years without picking up something worth having now and again." And there were many supporters of this belief. It was well-known that after storms had shifted the sandbanks and bared tracts of hard clay between high and low water-marks, it was not at all unusual for coins and other heavy objects of value to be found in the crevices of the clay, which had gradually sunk by their weight through the wet and shifting sand. They had come there no doubt from the wasting away of the land, from shipwrecks, and other accidents. But such objects were at any time few and rare; and it seemed absurd to suppose that the old man could have gained much from such chances.

"Nay, nay!" Jim Bates would say; "I'll a-warrant it, a few sovereigns would cover all the money that old man has ever picked up out yonder, and he's bound to have parted with most of that in all these years."

"But what about his corpse-money, Jim?"

"Aye, there's that, sure enough. But at five shillings a-head it doesn't come to much, with body and soul to keep together somehow. He hasn't had Mother Harmby for his friend all his life."

"But who's ever known him to spend a shilling these last five years?" objected another. "Why, his very clothes are dead men's clothes, and he'll eat any sort of offal that he can pick up yonder rather'n buy a penn'o' th of decent bread! He's bound to have

something or other, 'cos whatever he's got, he's kept."

On the whole the prevalent idea was that some kind of a hoard, if it were but of a few shillings, was hidden in the cuddy of the *Sarah and Ann* which served the old man as a dwelling. Mother Harmby herself, when appealed to, was compelled to acknowledge the force of this opinion. "I lay out the few coppers for him that he gets for rags, 'nd scrap-iron, 'nd such-like, but I never see aught worth much that he finds. And I dare say the poor old man has a few shillings hidden away somewhere, and very glad I shall be to think that he finds a bit of pleasure in 'em; it's little enough joy he's had in his days!"

Reiterated discussions of this kind at length had a practical effect upon one of the fishermen. Jake Warper had a great liking for beer and tobacco, and an even greater disliking for work; the inevitable result being that he not only suffered from a chronic lack of the luxuries, but that he and his numerous family had rarely even sufficient of the bare necessities of life. This man often thought to himself, as he listened, how absurd it was to imagine old Conger having money without his knowing how to use it; the sooner it got into the hands of some one who did know what to do with it, the better. For a time his superstitious dread of the old man held him back: it was no joke to meddle with a man who might bewitch you, or do you no one knows what kind of dreadful evil; but at last his cupidity got the better of his fears and he planned a robbery.

Knowing the old man's habits and haunts, it was easy enough for Jake to choose a night when the Sand-walker was following the ebb miles away to enter the cuddy of the *Sarah and Ann* and ransack it. There was not even a lock to force; the slide over the latch was unsecured, and he had simply to draw it back and drop in through the opening. This he accord-

ingly did, though with considerable misgiving.

It was a foul den, and after he had closed up the hatchway again the stench of it almost sickened him, albeit his stomach was none of the weakest. It was not high enough to allow a man to stand upright, and only barely long enough for him to lie down in at full length. It had probably never been intended for anything more than a store-closet to hold spare sails and fishing-gear. Underfoot the timbers narrowed sharply to the keel, but the angle was filled in with a heap of filthy rags upon which it was evident that the old man slept. A tin mug and two or three old cooking-kettles, one of which was filled with water, were the only visible furniture of the place.

Jack lit his candle and searched carefully into all the crevices of the planks, forcing his fingers into every cranny large enough to admit them. He expected every moment to hear the chink of coins, but was disappointed. Then he made sure the hoard must be hidden under the rags on the floor, and set himself to turn them all over; but never so much as a bolt of copper did he discover among them. So cursing his luck he made up his mind that the old man must have a hiding-place somewhere in the cliff and that sooner or later he would track it, and so hurried out through the hatch again, glad to breathe clean air.

If he could have seen into the den when the Conger returned that night he would have cursed louder than ever. Before the old man had got quite through the hatch he became aware that there had been a stranger in the place. Letting himself drop on the heap of rags he shook with terror; great beads of perspiration burst out on his forehead, and he muttered and moaned like one in delirium. It was some moments before he recovered himself sufficiently to move about. When he could, he dragged aside the rags with trembling hands and sank on his knees on the bare timbers.

Running his fingers over the planking of the boat's bottom he found a certain notch, and there he pressed hard till a narrow strip of wood was tilted out of its place, so that he could touch the surface of the ground upon which the boat rested. Then he threw himself down at full length beside the aperture and thrust his arm through it. It was evident that at one place there must be a deep hole in the ground, for his arm sunk in right up to the shoulder. It was full of stagnant water which gurgled as he disturbed it. A low cry of relief escaped him, and withdrawing his arm he hastened to light his lantern. Then he spread a broad piece of rag near the light and sank down again beside the hole.

Up to this time his dog had looked on with shivering curiosity, but it seemed to be satisfied now that affairs would take their accustomed groove, and coiled itself up to sleep.

The old man groped downward through the black water to the bottom of the hole and withdrew from it a handful of coins which he placed on the rag. Again and again he plunged in his arm, bringing up each time some pieces of money or other treasure. At length these became scarcer, and he stirred up the pool into thick noisome mud before his fingers could secure the stragglers. When there seemed to be none left, he rose up and seating himself beside the pile on the rag, ran his fingers through it. The pinched and anxious look had left his face, and he seemed to have grown suddenly younger. He commenced to sort out the coins into little piles, muttering all the while to himself just as he did when walking alone by the sea. The light of his lantern was so dim that he must have recognised the coins rather by touch than by sight; but he lingered over the work, as if it were very pleasant to him.

"One, two, three, four—where's the other? Ah! here it is—five! Them five from him the barque drowned.

One, two, three, yes, that's right—that's the foreigner's. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!—want some more yet. Eight, nine, ten, eleven. Ah! that was a grand haul, not many like that! Where's the six from the fishing-smack? Aye! and then ten from him near Black Gap? Aye! and that should leave eighteen more in gold, that I've got at odd times by ones. Aye! that's all right! And now silver and odd bits! Twenty, thirty, forty, fifty! And there's another fifty! And there's another, and another. That they gave me—all that got fair and square by finding 'em! Then twenty-seven more, all good new money! And that should leave sixty-three odd old 'uns and foreign 'uns besides them rings and brooches!"

He counted steadily thus till he came to the end of the pile, and then all at once his look of satisfaction vanished. He started up, wringing his hands and moaning again, while he leaned despairingly over the treasure. "Oh! they've got some, they've got some!" he cried. "What shall I do? They've got some—there's only sixty-one, only sixty-one, and there should be sixty-three! They've got the two little old silver 'uns! Oh! the thieves! the robbers! Curse 'em, curse 'em all!"

Once more he threw himself down and raked among the mud in the hole. His arm went to and fro for a long time in silence, but by and by he broke into a wild chuckle of joy, and arose triumphant.

"Aha! they're here,—all here yet," he said; "and more to come!"

III.

LIKE most of those who spend much time beside it, the old Sand-walker had come to regard the sea as a living thing endowed with moods and caprices. But he knew that it had no feeling. He often talked to himself about it, or "her" as with deep comprehension of its nature, he called it. But it was always to

himself, or to his dog that he spoke and never direct to the sea. His awe of *her* was too great for that.

He awoke one night towards the close of the year, and sat upright on his heap of rags, listening. The clamour of the waves on the beach hummed through the utter darkness of his den, and he understood it as well as if they spoke in words. "She's chuntering waintly," he muttered. "She means mischief before long." Then he listened again. "She's baring Bommer rocks on yon side, and just running into 'd long gyle on this, and it's high time we were oot, dog."

The dog stirred silently round his knees, and the man rose up. Drawing back the slide above him, he thrust his head through the hatchway. The wind blew keen and steady from the sea with a salt taste. A low hanging curtain of level fast-moving clouds covered the sky, shutting out the direct rays of the moon, but still permitting a wan illumination of the earth and air. In this light the surface of the sea shone with an oily shimmer and was crossed with long moving stripes of shadow, which deepened and then burst into white lines as they neared the shore. The little motionless town seemed to breathe heavily in its sleep under the biting wind and rapid sky. The rumble of the breakers ceased now and again for an instant, and a strange quietness settled down upon everything, until it was broken by a single crash of startling distinctness, and then the murmur and confusion ran on again; signs, these, of heavy weather to come.

The old man's head moved round above the hatch in noiseless survey of the scene. "Light enew without the lantern," he said, preparing to draw himself upward through the opening. At that moment there came a faint low cry from the sea, so low and carried seemingly so far that it seemed to belong to the air more than to the earth.

"Sh!" whispered the old man

hoarsely, checking the movements of his dog. "Sh! There it is again." The intensity of his features as he listened was terrible; his whole soul seemed strained to the endeavour. "Sh! Again! No more! Three times, for a sign, man, bird, or devil! Quick, dog, out! Some luck is coming to-night!"

There was something uncanny in the agility with which he sprang up and over the side of the boat. His back was no longer bent; he walked upright with long strides to the beach. The waves crashed and roared, sending long shuddering tongues of white water over the wet sand on either side of him, but never touching him as he stalked on with eyes bent upon the rim of the sea. The dog ran to and fro hunting with feverish activity over all the dark piles of seaweed which the tide had left. Suddenly it stopped with head uplifted and paw in air, and at the same moment its master stopped also.

"Yonder it is!" he said in a whisper that was almost a shriek; "see it, dog! Floating out yonder, and coming this way! It's another, dog; it's another!"

For a moment he seemed to lose his self-control in the excess of his joy, but immediately checked himself and began to mutter a rapid calculation. "Say four hundred yards; ebb-tide springs, but wind in-shore. Yes, it's bound to come, and that quickly; say half way between here and Short Grip."

He walked slowly on for a little distance further, muttering and watching the water all the while, and then took up a position close to the edge of the sea, and waited. The floating thing was easily visible now, and as it rose and fell on the billows, just beyond the breaking waves, you might have fancied it had life.

"He sits straight up, and rides high. That means he has a belt round him. Aha, my lad, you're not the first that's come to me that way either! Much good your belt's done you, eh?

Brought you to me a bit quicker, that's all!"

It rose on the crest of a toppling wave and rushed forward among the broken water straight for the place where the man and his dog were waiting. He could have fetched it ashore at that instant had he cared to wade in to his knees. But it seemed to please him better to see it roll to his feet of its own accord, and he watched it tumble about grotesquely in the shallows for a moment longer, until a sudden retreat of the flood left it fairly stranded. Then he pounced upon it like a spider upon a fly, and tugged and struggled with might and main, till he had dragged it up out of reach of the returning wave.

He knelt beside it and scrutinised it carefully. "Thought as much—sailor with life-belt! Fell overboard, I expect, eh? Flung you a belt, and left you to take your chance, eh? Can't afford to stop a big steamer for the sake of a man like you, eh? Get another in your place, next port; that's the way nowadays, and a very good way too! Elderly man, nice and sound; swum himself out, and not long dead; better than a soft two months' old 'un, that! Come, now, old fellow, let's see what you're going to give me for my trouble. You're not so mean as to cut me down to bare body-pay, are you?"

He chuckled grimly at these pleasantries as he passed his hands over the body. He unloosed the life-belt and pinched the soaking raiment beneath it here and there to discover where the pockets lay. These he ransacked, carefully examining every article he found in them. None of their contents were of much value; a sailor's knife, a tobacco-box and pipe, and other similar odds and ends, all of which he carefully replaced. He drew a big silver watch from the fob with a bundle of dangling seals attached. This he handled covetously, and meditated over it for a few seconds, but finally returned it to its place, muttering to himself,

"They'd miss it if they know him." Then he passed his hands under the bottom of the jersey and felt the waistband. Ah! His face grew radiant; there was a belt there, and a pouch that promised well. He unbuckled the belt, and emptied the pouch into the hollow of his hand. There was quite a little heap of money, some gold, and still more silver and copper. Carefully he picked out all the gold and about half the silver, and put back the remainder into the pouch. Then he knelt down to re-buckle the belt on the body; but as he twitched the strap something happened that startled him violently, and he sprang to his feet.

He bent down again and pressed one hand cautiously upon its breast, the other still clutching the coins. Was it a flicker of life that he felt there? At that moment the moon shone through a rift in the clouds and brought out the scene distinctly. Conger gazed intently into the drowned man's face; he saw the lips tremble and draw further apart, as a gasping sigh passed through them; then the eyelids quivered and slowly lifted, and the man's eyes moved dreamily round till they met his with a sad, appealing gaze. There was even a faint attempt at motion in one of the arms.

The Sand-walker was intensely agitated, but he clutched the pieces of money with steady determination, and his face grew fierce and wicked. "Plague take you!" he muttered, "but you're not going to have it back!"

He stood up and looked cautiously around. The low black line of cliff stood out smooth and sharp against the sky without a speck upon it, and the moon shone over the bare and lonely shore whereon nothing moved except the hissing white waters. The sea was behind him plunging and calling savagely, and he knew what *she* said. "Kill him and keep it! What's he to you?" She said it over and over again, and each time more distinctly.

So the old man stooped down,

and rolled over the hapless mortal upon his face. The sandbank was fretted with innumerable little water-pools, and it was into one of these pools that the face sank. As he held it there firmly by the shoulder, he saw the pool bubble, and felt a sobbing shudder shake the frame, and that was all. It was done in an instant, and so easily!

He stowed the money among his rags feeling infinitely relieved to think how surely he had made it his. Then he fixed the life-belt on the body again, and dragged the dead man by the shoulders out of reach of the tide. He propped it up at the foot of the cliff with its back against the slope. The head rolled sideways upon the breast, and the hands spread helplessly outwards, palms upward. The Sand-walker chuckled to see it. "Sit there, my lad," he said as he turned away; "sit there and wait till I send 'em to fetch you. Don't you go away now, or you'll lose me a good five shillings!"

He hurried off towards the town, heading straight for his den. There he sat to rest awhile and amuse himself by drawing out the money and letting it slide rattling to and fro from one hand to the other. When tired of this amusement, he pulled up the plank of his cabin floor and dropped the coins one by one into the stagnant pool beneath, counting them as with a sharp plop they struck the water. "Eleven, twelve, thirteen—all good gold! Eh, that's grand! Now for the silver! The big crown first—eh, what a splash! Then the rest—ten, twelve, thirteen, why, thirteen shillings as well! Come, that's good to remember! What luck! And like enough they'll give me the other seven and tuppence if he isn't claimed. And then there's the five shillings. What luck! Now to report him, lest some one else sees him and claims first."

So he covered up the hole, and clambered out into the dreary night again. It was not far to the coastguard station, and there was a light within. He pushed open the door and stood on the

threshold of the cosy little room. A drowsy officer who had been dozing on his chair near the fire started up at the sound, and stared with dazed alarm at the gaunt apparition in the doorway until he had time to gather his wits and recognize the Sand-walker. The old man's shivering dog peeped timidly past his master's legs into the warm interior, and eyed with envious hate the fat, comfortable cat on the rug near the fire.

"Hallo, Conger!" exclaimed the coastguard as soon as he had found his voice. "What brings your ugly face here at this time of the morning? You surely haven't found another, have you? Yes? What a nose you have for them, to be sure! Where have you left it then?"

The old man pointed to the south, and muttered, "Two miles," and the officer understood him. "All right. I'll send a couple of men to fetch it at once. We know your ways, Conger! There, I've seen enough of you now, so off you go and come down here after the inquest and I'll see that you get your money." And he shut the door in the old man's face.

IV.

BEFORE daybreak next day the storm had broken upon Abblesey, and it was late before the dim light of a November day could struggle through the blinding sheets of sleet and spray that came in straight from the sea like flights of arrows shot low. The billows clapped and crashed upon the rocks of the headland and boomed across the sands. But in spite of the weather there was much running to and fro in the street, and the news soon spread that the Conger had found *another* in the night, and that it was even now laid in the stable of the inn. People naturally flocked to see *it*, full of curiosity and comfortable disinterested sympathy, a luxury only to be enjoyed when, as in this case, they need have no dread of personal loss, since none of their own fishing-boats

had been out in the night. The body of a stranger was an attraction which few could resist.

A policeman stood on guard at the door of the stable, dispensing the right of admission with dignity to adults as a personal favour worth remembering, and keeping a sharp eye to prevent the intrusion of the little boys who were prowling round the place with white faces, anxious and yet fearful to see *it*. Mother Harmby hastened thither with the rest, full of pity and inquisitiveness. "Poor fellow," she said, "I wonder whose man he is?" The people fell away from the door to let her enter as if they recognised her right to be there, and then crowded after her. It was so dark inside that for a moment she could see nothing, and she called out to them anxiously to stand aside from the doorway. Then the dull grey light streamed in, and with a loud shriek she sank on her knees beside the body. She seized the clammy hand and bent close over the bearded face. "Oh, John! John!" she wailed, "Oh, my own dear man! How came you here? How came you here?"

The inquisitive crowd outside melted away as if ashamed of themselves, and only a few neighbours with pitying faces came in to try to comfort her or to share her sorrow. It was in vain that they bade her bear up; she was beside herself with grief. They were aghast to see that she whom they had come to look upon as their main helper and comforter in times of trouble should be so powerless and helpless now.

An inquest was held late in the afternoon. The widow had been led away to her desolate home, and was not called, since there were people enough, who had known John Harmby, ready to identify the body. But they sent for the Sand-walker to tell where and how he had found the corpse. The constable who fetched him was astonished at the old man's behaviour when he told him of the identification. It was universally recognized in Abblesey

that the Conger had long since lost all human feeling. And yet as the constable described it, "his eyes went open like a codfish's, and his mouth like a gurnard's, and he had to hold himself up by the boat" when he heard the news. Even when he reached the room where the jury sat, he was trembling too much for speech. They baited him with questions, but he glared wildly round from face to face in silence like a wolf among dogs. Knowing his natural moroseness they were not greatly surprised and, interpreting his signs as best they could, they soon let him go. But one thing did indeed surprise them. When they offered to give him the order of payment for the five shillings to which he was entitled, he thrust it away from him and shrank back with his face to the wall as though it were something he could not bear to look upon. "See that," remarked Jim Bates, who was one of the jury, when the old man had gone; "that shows the old chap's not so bad as they make out. He couldn't abide the thought of making anything out of the body of Mother Harmby's husband, just 'cos she's been so kind to him!"

Meanwhile news had come from a neighbouring port of a collision off the coast in the night, which explained the mystery surrounding John Harmby's presence there. A steamer, in the obscurity of a snow storm, had crashed into the side of a large sailing-ship homeward bound and had sent her almost instantly to the bottom. Four of the ship's crew had just managed to save themselves by scrambling into one of their boats, but the rest were supposed to have gone down with the ship; and among them was the mate, John Harmby. It was evident that he had made a hard struggle for his life. "Death by drowning," was of course the verdict of the jury.

That day something happened in Abblesey which had not been known to happen for thirty years. The tide went down without the Sand-walker following it. Notwithstanding that

the sea called so loudly on the Bommer rocks, the old man never came forth. What might it mean? The fishermen became uneasy as they talked of this; it seemed to them unnatural, and they feared that it might be a bad omen. None of the simple folk knew of the bitter anguish there was that day in the cuddy of the *Sarah and Ann*. An old man, lonely and wretched, was fighting against himself for all that he had held dearest, for life itself. For all these years he had gone steadily on in one course with one aim, and only one. And now—sudden shipwreck, and all lost!

He crouched there on his rags, his hands clasping his knees, his wild eyes staring blankly into the darkness of his den, striving to realize what had happened. For hours he never stirred, and no hunger, no thirst, no sleep came to him. And all this time he thought of two things and only two; of his money, and of his one friend. These two interwove themselves in his mind in a vague delirium, and through it all he heard the cruel sea calling and mocking him.

It was safe, his money, quite safe; it was all there in the hole beneath him; *he* had not lost anything! Yes, but the woman, she who was his own, his one friend. What had happened to her? It was she who had lost, lost everything, and by his hand! The life of the man was nothing, the lives of a hundred such were nothing; the sea gave them to him, and they were his to treat as he liked. But *her* husband! What *could* he do? How could he make amends?

The mockery of the sea came louder and louder through the timbers of his cell. The sea knew what he could do, and shouted it out to him over and over again, laughing all the while at his misery. He shut out the sound with his hands, but he heard it just the same. He knew he would have heard it even without ears. It sounded ever louder and more peremptory. For a long time, a very long time, he refused to obey, and sat and suffered

obstinately. But at last it was more than he could bear, and he moaned in anguish and gave way.

Trembling so that he could scarce sustain himself even on his knees, he slowly uncovered the hole where his treasure lay hid, and began to rake the coins out of the dark water. He piled them up beside him, never pausing in his task till the last one had been found. All were there, the new gold he had got but yesterday, and the ancient pieces washed out of the wrecks of Spaniards and Dutchmen of long ago, guineas, half-guineas, pistoles, dollars, doubloons, pieces of eight, and modern money. There lay the distillation of the unceasing labours of a lifetime, all heaped in one small pile. For the last time he told them over to see that there were none missing, kneeling and shedding hot tears over them like a father over his dead child. And still the sea laughed outside. It was hard, very hard, but he could not help himself; there was no other way.

In feverish haste he wrapped the coins in a cloth, and bound it tightly round with a piece of rag. Kissing the heavy bundle he hid it in his breast, and then slid back the shutter, and crept out. It was night again. He saw through the darkness the white billows bounding towards him with delight, while far out over the raging waters an unsteady light flickered and flashed. It was the signal of a ship in peril, and his eye fell on it instinctively, but its meaning seemed not to reach his mind, and the sight gave him no pleasure. He heard without heeding the crash of the rocket which called together the life-boat crew, and gave no thought to dim shapes hurrying through the gloom to the beach. One thing alone he heeded, the voice behind him driving him on.

He took the road away from the sea, up into the dismal lane where stood the widow's house, his dog following. A light shone from her unshuttered window, and when he reached her gate he could see distinctly into

the little room. She sat there alone, with her head bent low on the table. Her neighbours had all hastened down to the beach. In times past she would have been the first there herself; but now there was no place in her heart for anything but her sorrow.

The old man never hesitated, but passed up the garden path, and pushed open the door. The woman lifted her head at the noise, and looked drearily at the wild figure on her doorstep. She showed no surprise. "Don't talk to me," she said. "Don't tell me how you found him, I can't bear it yet! If you're hungry, there's plenty to eat in there. Get something and go. Oh! but it's hard, Conger, it's very hard!" And then she bowed down her head again.

He was shaking like the rag of a sail, so that it took him a long time to unfasten the cord. "Look," he gasped, "here's this, take it." He stretched out his dripping arm into the little room, and placed his burden tenderly upon the table beside her, and the rag unfolding revealed the heap of money. That was his errand, and he had not meant to stay for an instant; but he could not tear himself away, and lingered, gazing wistfully on the coins.

The widow raised her head but could not at first comprehend, and looked now at the money and now at the man. Then suddenly she started up, and peered eagerly into the glittering heap. She grasped one of the coins; it seemed only an ordinary old crown-piece, but she shuddered as she held it close to the light as though she had seen something terrible in it, and then burst into a savage cry. Coming close to the man and looking fiercely into his face, "How came you by this?" she shrieked.

The Sand-walker shrunk down before her to half his height, watching her blazing eyes in terror, but speaking not a word. "How came you by this, I say?" Lower still he sank, like a beaten dog, but made no sound.

"It was his," she moaned, "and his

father's before him. Nay, shake not thy head then, thou wretched hound! It was *his*, I say; I could tell it among a thousand. Are not these his very own marks upon it? It was his, his lucky piece, and he carried it always, sleeping and waking, as his father had before him, and not all the world could have tempted him to part with it. It was his charm, his holy charm and protection. They said no mortal hurt could come to him the while he kept it. Oh, how I've wondered and wondered, when they said it was not *there*, how he had come to lose it! Oh, John, John! what has this old man done?"

Her voice was choked, and she kissed the coin again and again, while the figure at her feet sank grovelling to the earth. He raised one hand in feeble supplication, but she spurned him aside.

"What hast thou done?" she asked him fiercely.

"Take it,—take it all!" he moaned.

"But what hast thou done?"

"Oh, take it—take it—I have no more!"

"Take it!" she shrieked. "Take it? Take the robberies of dead men's bodies? Take the price of dead men's flesh? Thou vile, thou wretched hound! They have often said it of thee, and I would not believe it, and told 'em they lied. But now I know it! Thou hast robbed him—aye, even him—hast robbed him of his holy charm! Oh, how do I know, thou mayest even have robbed him of his life!"

His head was down on the wet ground now, but still he moaned, "Take it—take it all!"

She seized the cords of the cloth, flung his treasure to the ground beside him, and slammed and bolted the door. He heard her last words from within. "Never again let me behold thy face, thou vile corpse-eating wolf! Off, quick, to thy den out of the sight of human folk! 'Tis horrible even to touch what thou hast touched!" And then there was nothing but wild

sobbing mingling strangely with the howling of the wind around him.

Long after the sound of the sobbing within had subsided the old man lay there with his burning brow on the cold stone. Except that his fingers had once more grasped the treasure he had not stirred. At last his dog, tempted by the inexplicable silence, stole up the garden-path till he found his master lying there, and thrust his black muzzle against his face. The old man moved at that touch, and slowly raising himself, crept away, carrying his money with him.

At the end of the lane he stood and listened. The storm still raged, but it was ebb tide now, and the sea had altered its tone. The air was filled with a seething hum, through which he heard the savage rattle of pebbles drawn down in the undertow. At the sound of it he knew there was nothing more to be done, and a dull hopeless despair took hold of him.

So he turned northward up the road and went towards the headland. Through all the darkness he could see the gleaming white waters draw to and fro amid the rocks, and he crawled painfully down until he was so near that several times the sea flung broad flecks of foam upon him. But still he struggled on, till he reached the great ledge of rocks which overhang the deep water. There he clambered to their outermost edge, and stood facing the tempest. Then with one great effort he flung the bundle he carried far out into the wild confusion. The cords gave way, and the coins, scattering, fell in a precious shower and passed without a trace into the seething flood. In another instant, as if in response to a wizard's spell, a great surge burst suddenly upward upon the rock and swept tumultuously over the ledges.

Next day the heads and tongues of the Abblesey folk were kept fully occupied. A vessel had gone ashore in the night, and in spite of the efforts of the lifeboat men, two of her

crew had been drowned. "More work for Old Conger," said the fishermen. But at ebb a coastguardsman came in with strange news. He had heard the yelping of a dog among the great rocks under the headland and had gone towards the sound. The dog was Conger's, and just below, tightly wedged in among the boulders,

was the dead body of the old man himself.

"Whatever could he have been up to at that side of the town?" asked several voices.

"Nay, I can't understand that," replied the coastguardsman. "It must have been the first and last time he ever went there."

OF THOMAS BEWICK.

SOME of us went flying North this summer, leaving the London mists and noises behind us and travelling towards the clear mountain air and wide-spreading moors. At sunset we found ourselves in an old house in Northumberland, which was standing firm and square upon the slope of a hill: "Baal's Hill," where Druids had once sacrificed to those terrible gods of theirs, but whence victims and priests and gods and midnight rites have all alike been swept away by time, that mightiest of broomsticks before which all other besoms crumble into dust. All is at peace and silent on Baal's Hill now at midnight, except for the distant cries of birds and sleepy animals, and of the owls that still whistle and pipe through the dark hours; but perhaps as you lie sleeping in the earliest dawn, you are awakened by the whizzing sound of pigeons cleaving the air after the owls have ceased to hoot. Then the turkey poults begin to call from the shrubberies across the lawn, and a matutinal burst follows from the exultant poultry-yard at the back of the old house, with far-away answering calls in the adjacent farm, or from the ducks on the island on the lake. If you are roused from your bed and look out through the half-open shutters of the windows you may see the lawn softly alight in the early morning rays, and the little Dandy Dinmont wildly careering after the low-flying swallows. When you comedown stairs the sun has risen above the ash trees, the whole place is cheerful with nine o'clock sunshine, and with cluckings and flapings and loud ringing notes; with the pigeons' soft cooing, and the hoarse crow of the roosters, and the pipings and chatterings of the rest of the colony. Hark

to the upraised voices of the waddling fat ducks as they surround the meal pans in the poultry-yard; they are haranguing the poor little lame wild duck who is pecked by all the rest for attempting to take his share in the feast of life; then come the floundering fussed turkey poults making confusion as they go, and upsetting the pan they want to monopolise; and again, what is this mysterious procession advancing from the east, from New Guinea or some such distant land; wise birds, speckled with silver, robed in soft Oriental feathers, dignified, inscrutable on noiseless orange toes, passing in quiet decorum through the crowding scene!

It was in this hospitable northern speculative home, where Socrates himself might have found intelligent disciples, and cocks without number to sacrifice to Æsculapius, that a friend put Mr. Austin Dobson's delightful book about Thomas Bewick and his pupils into our hands; and as we read and looked around on Bewick's country and the sights he loved, the book of his work seemed to be open everywhere. The skies, the trees, the undulating lines of the hills and wolds, the sturdy fronts of the houses, all were repeated on the recording pages. The story so admirably told sent us later on to look for Bewick's own memoir, and for the original drawings, at Newcastle, where they hang in the museum.

There are very few places to be found in all the rest of England so striking and varied in aspect as Bewick's native county. The energy of London itself seems to throb in Newcastle amid its smoke, its clash of eager politics, its ringing labouring streets, while beyond the city spreads the long sea-coast with its old castles and fast-

nesses, and the fishing-ports, with their quaint wynds and gables, guarded by those white-winged legions, flying and flashing out to sea from the rocks where they have built their nests. Further inland lie the wide moors that divide England from Scotland, where for past centuries the sturdy farms and stone cottages, the strong towers, and pigeon-cotes have defied the assaults of the foe, be he wrapped in storm or in tartan as of old. Fragrant clover fields scent the air, crossed by the broad high roads which the Romans first laid, and which run by the fields and by coppices whence the russet game-birds start at the sound of footsteps.

The Romans no longer come marching along the roads, but an army of tramps flying from work still passes continually; and along with the tramps come the Northumbrians themselves, with droves of cattle, and the great hay-carts loaded and guarded by their stately waggoners. Beyond the human track is that sense of space, of fresh winds which Bewick loved, and which one seems to find again as one looks at his designs.

To drive along the crowding streets and to step into Bewick's gallery in the Natural History Museum in Newcastle, is like stepping suddenly out of noise and smoke and rattle into some green grove where the birds are singing. It is a fairy exhibition alive with grace and meaning. The originals of his engravings hang all round the gallery in delicate studies and suggestions, and they certainly have a special charm which is unattainable in their reproduction, although the intention and sentiment happily are reproduced in the delightful books. The sketches themselves are indescribably delicate and finely felt; a nib dipped in colour, a fine hair brush, a tiny scrap of paper, and behold a whole scene of sylvan life, of a real note striking in the great concert of nature to which the painter calls us. A sense of time, of space, surrounds the dramas and the tragedies which he suggests with his

apparently slight and insignificant details. Sticks, chips, nests, scraps of farmyard ways, common-place humble things; a whole philosophy is written down in these simple hieroglyphics. There lies the dog drowned, his four legs bound together by a rope; the magpies come up, with bright careful eyes; overhead is the flight of the indifferent birds, and in the wet mud are the marks of the retreating footsteps of the man who did the deed. Is not this tragedy? It is like the knocking at the door in *Macbeth*.

Then again for comedy, who will not recognise the humorous truth of the little picture in which the traveller is trying to hoist the heavy sack upon his back before he starts once more upon tramp, while a little demon with horns and tail is mischievously pinning down the load with his lever to the stone. The moon is rising beyond the five-barred gate, and lighting up the scene, the rocks and the silvering hedges. Perhaps Bewick, with the rest of us, felt his load heavy at times; but he was of that brave and uncomplaining sort that plods on steadily and with single purpose.

The keeper of the museum showed us an interesting series of sketches from a capercaillie, with a little history belonging to it. The stuffed bird stood as stuffed birds do, impaled, with straw for blood, and sticks for bones, and Bewick drawing it reproduced a stuffed capercaillie filled with straw, and toppling on its perch. Discontented with this he set to work all over again; and lo! the second bird was a capercaillie, so majestic and dignified and fiery of aspect that it would seem to belong to the eagles rather than to its own station in life. Then Bewick sets to work again as a true man should do; and this time the living bird itself is there upon the page, neither more nor less spirited than a capercaillie should be, and you look with admiration from the drawing to the toppling model. But this is the very essence of a true gift, the natural apprehension which finds sug-

gestion of life and expression where others only see the straws.

The erasures, which prove the infinite care and pains, are no less interesting in some ways than the actual drawings in this charming exhibition, so varied, so widely reaching. There is a narrow little scrap of paper about three inches long on which no less than eight dogs in a chain are depicted, each different in type and character. As for plovers and choughs, eider ducks and spoonbills, kites (lame and otherwise), it is a garden of Eden for birds of different kinds, with Northumberland always and everywhere for a background; whether it be that the villagers are dancing to the music of the three blind fiddlers, or the ships sailing by on the sea, or horses galloping across the fields, or the gallows standing by the roadside, it is always Northumberland round about. One of the most touching pictures in the whole place is called *Waiting for Death*. It was left unfinished by Bewick when he died. The old white horse stands by the blasted tree, the house is falling to the ground; a sigh and a last farewell seem to reach you as you look.

There is another picture also, one of the last he ever drew, in which all is at peace and the parting over. It represents a tranquil country scene; the funeral passing down the sloping field to the ferry, where the boat is waiting to carry this loyal knight to his last rest in Ovingham churchyard.

It is said that Bewick's family did not like the portrait of Bewick by Ramsay, which forms the frontispiece to Mr. Austin Dobson's book. The drawing represents a vigorous old man, with a face full of imagination and thought; the eyes have that out-looking expression which is so characteristic of the artistic temper. He is dressed in a swallow-tailed coat and knee-breeches; he leans upon his stick, and seems watching the distant line of the hills. There is another most charming portrait in Bewick's own gallery at Newcastle, painted by Goode. This

one represents an old man sitting in a chair, and dressed in grey breeches with shoes and woollen stockings, and with the time-honoured frill to his shirt which also belonged to Sir Joshua and to the Duke of Wellington. The earnest, bland, strong face seems absolutely characteristic of this true artist, whose genius was so open to receive, so delicate to describe its impressions. Bewick, besides his love for nature and his power to depict it, possessed that delightful play of mind which some call humour, and which is assuredly the characteristic of true sympathy. I write advisedly, for humour seems to me interest combined with affection and truthful criticism, as opposed to that interest without light or shade which is apt to grow monotonous in its unvarying note of reverence and blind reiteration.

Some of us may remember how Frank was cured of playing with his fingers, and how he stood opposite to his father and held his hands perfectly still as he repeated his task of lines without making a single mistake. "His father was pleased, and he desired the servant who was bringing some things of his out of the chair in which he came, to give him a book which was in the front pocket of the chair and which was a copy of Bewick's quadrupeds. In this book Frank's practical father immediately writes a suitable inscription. 'This book given to Frank, October 27th, 1798, by his father, as a mark of his father's approbation for his having at six years old cured himself of a foolish habit.'"

Bewick's memoirs are less known than they deserve to be, ingenuous and yet most convincing, set to the accompaniment of those shrewd and delightful drawings. Bewick was a son of the soil if ever there was one, and Northumberland must seem to many of us a more beautiful place when we think of his happy life-long pilgrimage among his beloved moors and spreading fields, of his patient wanderings in winter time and summer time, of his love for it all. His serene

and observant eyes absorbed the light from the land while he listened to the voices everywhere from the ditches and hedges, from the rustling trees, from the rushing streams. Above all he realised the elements of life in still life, and of humanity in that natural life in which he delighted. He describes himself in his memoirs when quite a little child, covering the grave-stones and the floor of the church-porch with a bit of chalk, and "figuring" whatever he had seen. At that time he had never heard of the word drawing, and the only paintings he knew were those of the king's arms in the church or the signs of the public-houses in Ovingham, the Black Bull, the White Horse, the Salmon, and the Hounds and Hare. "I always thought," he said, "I could make a far better hunting scene than the latter; the others were beyond my hand." Then he describes how a friend in compassion furnished him with paper: "Pen and ink, and the juice of the brambleberry, made a grand change. Of patterns and drawings I had none; the beasts and birds which enlivened the beautiful scenery of woods and wilds surrounding my native hamlet, furnished me with an endless supply of subjects.

... "I now, in the estimation of my rustic neighbours," he continues, "became an eminent painter. . . ."

His admiring neighbours are to be numbered by thousands to-day, and which of us that knows his drawings is not his neighbour. His touch when he is at his best is so vigorous, so certain, that seeing his work brings back some of the actual delight of the places themselves now visited in the companionship of this most conscientious and ardent spirit. Bewick, as I have said, possesses that natural apprehension which is the very essence of genius, and which finds its expression in every straw blown by the wind, in every passing sign whether adequate or not. He draws a falling leaf, a thumb-mark; he draws the claw of a bird, the fluffy feather dropped in its sudden flight; and each is perfect in its

own degree. Bewick can draw a summer's day; we may see the painter himself standing in the very heart of June slaking his thirst at the fountain; he can draw snow and a wintry scene in all its silence and frozen beauty; or he can draw a farmyard with its crowding life, its clucking, squeaking, pecking denizens. He can draw the song of a bird, or the howls of the dog who has just upset the stew-pot; he can even draw abstract sensations such as rest, stillness, terror, content. What human being could look without delight at one of those footpieces in which the cows are drinking as they stand in the river among the flying swallows and the magpies?

The story of Bewick's boyhood is delightfully told by himself in his memoir, of which Mr. Bain kindly lent us the beautiful memorial edition. Mr. Dobson's comment is as follows: "Now he is taming a runaway horse by riding it bare-backed over the sykes and burns; now frightening oxen into the river for the pleasure of hearing the 'delightful dash;' now scampering off naked over the fells with his companions in imitation of the savages in *Robinson Crusoe*." Mr. Dobson also quotes from the lovely passage in which Bewick describes how from his earliest childhood by the little window at his bed-head he had listened to the flooded burn, or watched from the byre-door the rarer birds, the woodcocks, the snipes, the redwings, the fieldfares, which in winter made their unwonted appearance in the frozen landscape. When he was fourteen he was sent from Ovingham to Newcastle to learn engraving from Mr. Ralph Beilby. He liked his master, he liked the business; "But to part from the country and to leave all its beauties behind me with which I had been all my life charmed in an extreme degree,—and in a way I cannot describe—I can only say my heart was like to break, and as we passed along I inwardly bade farewell to the whining wilds, to Micky bank, and to the

Stob-Cross hill." Then he settles down to the assiduous, laborious life. Bewick himself enumerates the works he was employed upon. Pipe-moulds, bottle-moulds, brass clock-faces, coffin-plates, stamps, seals, billheads and cyphers, and crests for silversmiths. In the Newcastle Museum are some of the shop-signs and stamps designed by him, advertisements of millinery, of "Bird's fashionable drapery," engraved as on an ornament to head the bills, just as doctors silver the pill which they prescribe.

Bewick once came away to London, whither his fame had preceded him, and where friends and abundant orders for work were in waiting. For a few months he paced the Strand and its adjacent streets on his way to and from his work; he spent his evenings in Brook Street, where instead of asking for bread and milk he "now learnt to call for a pint of porter;" elsewhere he describes his first draught of brandy and water. He frequented

Westminster Abbey, but he said that nothing he found in London could ever compensate for the absence of peace, of natural space, and old associations, and that he had rather herd sheep at five shillings a week than earn guineas and fame in this world of extremes. "The country of my old friends, the manners of the people of that day, the scenery of Tyneside, seemed altogether to form a paradise for me, and I longed to see it again." So he went back to his own home and his own people, and spent the remainder of his honourable faithful life among them.

Some people live their own lives quietly and with conscience, and by so doing add incalculably to the happiness of the whole world around them. Bewick is one of these people, nor after all does he need any conjurer to point out his merits and charming genius.

ANNE RITCHIE.

